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CONTENTS.

The First of September, an Engraving 49
On curing Locked Jaw in Horses..... 50
Bettings for the Derby and Oaks, 1815 . .50
Louth Coursing Meeting .. .. .51
Swaffham Coursing Meeting.. 53
Apprehension of Powell, the Necromancer .56
Pedigree and Performances of Goldfinder ... 57
Hints on preserving Game.... 61
On the question, Was Highflyer ever beaten? 63
On the Cruelty of English Amusements ... 63
Malton Coursing Meeting 66
Anecdote of two Eton Scholars 67
Deep Penetration of the Arabs respecting Cattle 67
Anecdote of Fontenelle 68
Battle between Birrell and Crosbie 69
Daniel's Dream, a specimen of pure Irish.... 70
Anecdotes, Scraps of Natural History, &c. from Clark's Travels in Turkey 72
Dangerous Accidents from Race-Horses .. . 75
Zoffani's Water-Cress Girl 77
Information for keeping a Gaming House .. 79
Single Stick at Warminster, Wilts 80
Court-Martial on Colonel Quentin 81
The Bittern and Spaniel, an Etching.... . .84
FEAST OF WIT 85
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE 89
To Correspondents 96

POETRY.

Dash---A Tale 97
To my old Shooting Shoes 98
Parody, an Apology 99
Song, inscribed to the Editor of Songs of the Chase 99
Stanzas, being an Attempt at the Sublime . 100
October Sports---Narcissa on the Loss of her Fawn 100
RACING CALENDAR 17

Embellished with,

I. *The* First of September, *an Engraving by Scott, from a Painting by Cooper.*
II. *The* Bittern *and* Spaniel, *an Etching.*

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Painted by Cooper, *and engraved by* Scott.

THE subject of the annexed engraving is selected from a popular work entitled, "*Songs of the Chase.*" The song from which it is taken, was written by Mr. John Emery, of Covent-Garden Theatre, and is descriptive of a day's shooting where the author made one of the party; the immediate subject of the engraving is contained in the concluding verse of the song, and was, in fact, the way in which the day was concluded.* A singular occurrence took place while they were out, his friend Ned, (as he familiarly calls him) was shooting with a double-barrelled gun, and while singling out his bird from the covey, put up by his favourite dog Ponto, a hawk darted on the partridge, when, as he describes it in his song,

"He sends the first charge to the timid bird's heart,
And pursuing, the fierce tyrant fell."

After he had shot the partridge, with the other barrel he sealed the fate of the hawk.

The song has been already given in our Magazine; the following is

* Vide page 259 of "*Songs of the Chase.*"

is the verse from which the subjects in the plate are derived:

" Then round a wood fire, beneath the snug thatch,
Our wearied limbs calmly repose;
Beguiling the time with a song, glee, or catch,
'Till Jack serenades with his nose.
From a crazy old clock see the cuckoo peeps out,
To warn us night's minutes are reckon'd;
Then bumpers my boys! and with one jolly shout,
Drink success to September the second."

This collection of songs on the various sports of the field, which is in the library of most sporting gentlemen, is the most extensive, and best selected, of any extant. It contains nearly one hundred on fox-hunting, fifty on hare-hunting, nearly the same number on stag-hunting, upwards of ninety in praise of hunting; racing, twenty; shooting, twenty-four; and several on angling, hawking, archery, &c. &c. It is beautifully printed, and embellished with an appropriate frontispiece of a sportsman going out in the morning, and emblematical title of various game, &c. engraved by Scott, with a spirited wood-cut by Clennell, of fox-hunters enjoying themselves after the pleasure of the chase.

ON CURING LOCKED JAW IN HORSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

A Gentleman having drawn my attention in a particular manner to a statement in the *Sporting Magazine* for September, of the cure of locked jaw in horses, by sudden immersion in cold water, I wish to inform you, it is my opinion, that although it is quite probable a shock of that description might remove the spasm in an animal, the state of whose frame had been in perfect health previous to the accident, it would not be advisable to try the experiment on the human subject in any case whatever. This, however, is *my opinion* only. I have had means of ascertaining the statement of an Old Soldier to be quite correct, from the testimony of several officers who served in the 23d and other regiments; and it is well worth the consideration of the many eminent medical characters with which London abounds, whether in any case immersion in cold water might safely be applied to the human subject? Having succeeded lately in two or three instances in loosening the jaw, so as to allow the administration of internal remedies by producing incipient salivation, I most fully accord with Mr. Powis in the use of mercury, which it is always worth while to apply, and I believe, if judiciously managed, would generally produce salutary effects.—I am, Sir, your's, &c.

MEDICUS.

Brighton, Nov. 23, 1814.

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS at Tattersall's on Friday, Nov. 25.

DERBY.

11 to 1 agst Mr. Watson's c. by Walton.
13 to 1 agst Mr. Thornhill's Anticipation.
14 to 1 agst Lord Darlington's Sir Thomas.
15 to 1 agst Brother to Whalebone,

15 to

15 to 1 agst Raphael.
16 to 1 agst Field Marshal.
17 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's Sorcerer, out of Little Sally.
20 to 1 agst Basto, by Clinker.
20 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's, by Hedley, out of Frisky.
20 to 1 agst Ld Rous's Equator.
20 to 1 agst Sir Joshua.
25 to 1 agst Mr. Andrew's Garus.
25 to 1 agst Mr. T. Scaith's c. by Haphazard.

OAKS.

9 to 1 agst Minuet.
9 to 1 agst Lord G. Cavendish's, by Sir David.
11 to 1 agst Sister to Blucher.
12 to 1 agst Mr. Payne's filly, by Selim.
12 to 1 agst Mr. Taylor's ch. f. by Buffer, out of Charlotte's dam.
14 to 1 agst Lord Foley's f. by Selim, dam by Cæsario.
15 to 1 agst Lord Foley's f. by Selim, out of Pipylina.
20 to 1 agst Gen. Grosvenor's f. by Briseis.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Boultbee's f. out of Lady Jane.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Rawlinson's f. by Williamson's Ditto.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Jones's Fatima, by Selim.
1000 to 30 against naming both winners.

LOUTH COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, November 15, 1814. —*Bitches drawn to run for the Cup.*—Mr. Clayworth's r. b. Nimble, beat Sir Charles Kent's blk. b. Jet.—Mr. Simpson's brindled b. Venus, beat Mr. Grant's r. and w. b. Gay Lass.—Mr. Adam Eve's r. b. Duchess, beat Mr. Hoskins's bl. b. Myrtle.—Mr. Chaplin's r. and w. b. Tricksey, beat Mr. Foster's r. b. Tricksey.—Mr. Adam Eve's brind. b. Tricksey, beat Mr. Thomas Grant's tanned b. Merry Lass.—Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Stella, beat Mr. Jones's r. and w. b. Trippett. —Mr. Bartholomew's br. b. Lady, beat the Rev. A. Burnaby's w. b. Gay Lass.—Mr. Meredith's bl. b. Lively, beat Mr. Wm. Taylor's fawn-coloured b. Dainty.

Matches.—Mr. Hoskins's blue d. Blucher, beat Mr. Adam Eve's blk. b. Fly; one guinea.—Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Fly, beat Mr. Adam Eve's r. d. Doctor; 1 guinea.—Sir Charles Kent's d. Rapid, beat Mr. Simpson's brind. d. Dart; one guinea.—Mr. Simpson's white b. Whim, beat Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Fly.—Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Fly, agst Mr. Simpson's w. b. Whim; one guinea; undecided.—Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Myrtle, beat Mr. Bartholomew's brind. d. Mellish; one guinea.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16.—*Dogs drawn to run for the Sweepstakes.*—Mr. Cartwright's blk. b. Waith, beat Sir Charles Kent's blk. b. Jet. —Mr. Hoskins's blk. d. Pleader, beat Mr. Thos. Grant's r. b. ——. Mr. Simpson's brind. d. Dart, beat Mr. Sketchley's blk. d Sultan.—Mr. Chaplin's blk. d. Fleecer, beat Mr. Adam Eve's r. and w. b. Tricksey.

THURSDAY, Nov. 17.—*Bitches drawn to run for the Cup.*—Mr. Clayworth's r. b. Nimble, beat Mr. Adam Eve's brind. b. Tricksey.—Mr. Foster's r. b. Tricksey, beat Mr. Simpson's brind. b. Venus.—Mr. Adam Eve's r. b. Duchess, beat Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Stella. —Mr. Meredith's blk. b. Lively, beat Mr. Bartholomew's br. b. Lady.

Matches.—Mr. John Grant's dun d. Gamesome, beat Mr. N. King's blk. d. Raven; one guinea.—Mr. N. King's blk. d. George, agst Mr. Adam

Adam Eve's r. d. Smolensko; one guinea; undecided.——Mr. John Grant's w. b. Violet, agst Mr. Brady Nicholson's r. and w. b. Helen; one guinea. Mr. Nicholson paid ft.—Mr. Wm. Cartwright's r. and w. b. Hit, beat Mr. John Grant's r. and w. b. Gay Lass; one guinea.—Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Myrtle, beat Mr. Meredith's blk. d. Liberty; one guinea.—Sir Charles Kent's r. and w. b. Helen, agst Mr. Adam Eve's br. b. Helen; one guinea. Won by Sir Charles Kent's.—Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Fly, beat Mr. Simpson's w. b. Whim; one guinea.—Mr. Bartholomew's b ind. d. Mellish, beat Sir Charles Kent's r. and w. d. ———; one guinea.

FRIDAY, Nov. 18.—*Dogs drawn to run for the Sweepstakes.*—Mr. Simpson's brind. d. Dart, beat Mr. Chaplin's bl. d. Fleecer.—Mr. Hoskins's bl. d. Pleader, beat Mr. Cartwright's blk. b. Waith.

Deciding Match for the Sweepstakes—Mr. Hoskins's blk. dog, Pleader, beat Mr. Simpson's brind. d. Dart.

SATURDAY, Nov. 19.—*Bitches drawn to run for the Cup.*—Mr. Clayworth's r. b. Nimble, beat Mr. Meredith's blk. b. Lively.—Mr. Foster's r. b. Tricksey, beat Mr. Adam Eve's r. b. Duchess.

Matches.—Mr. Meredith's tanned d. Horatio, beat Mr. Chaplin's blk. d. Fleecer; one guinea.—Mr. Adam Eve's r. d. Smolensko, beat Mr. N. King's blk. d. George; two guineas.—Mr. John Grant's dun d. Gamesome, beat Mr. N. King's blk. d. Raven; two guineas.—Sir Charles Kent's blk. b. Jet, beat Mr. Hoskins's blue d. Blucher; one guinea.—Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Fly, agst Mr. Adam Eve's brind. b. Tricksey; one guinea; undecided.

Deciding Match for the Cup.—Mr. Foster's r. b. Tricksey, beat Mr. Clayworth's r. b. Nimble.

———

The above meeting terminated on Saturday, the 19th instant; the weather being extremely fine, heightened the beauty of the scene. Several sporting gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, who were present, declared in the strongest terms, that they never in their lives witnessed finer diversion. The hares were numerous, and in excellent condition for running, and the dogs proved themselves equally so, for out of fourteen strong and well-contested courses on the Tuesday, no less than six brace and a half of hares were killed, and the following days afforded very excellent sport.

It will be seen by the list, that exclusive of the regular coursing days, Wednesday and Friday were appropriated to a sweepstakes, in which, after some very severe running, a dog belonging to Mr. Hoskins, a gentleman from Burton-upon-Trent, was declared the conqueror.

The coursing ground generally exhibited upwards of two hundred horsemen; the ordinaries at the principal inns (which did great credit to the providers) were respectably attended, and the ball-room on Friday evening displayed a superior degree of elegance.

Mr. George Chaplin, with his accustomed liberality, appeared anxious to promote the amusements of the company, both in the field and over the bowl; and we are happy to say that his endeavours succeeded, for the sports of the day, and the harmony and conviviality of the evening, gave universal satisfaction to all who had

had the pleasure of being partakers.

The first prize, a silver cup, valued at twenty-five guineas, was won by Mr. Foster, of Louth; and the second prize, a smaller cup, by Mr. Clayworth, of Candlesby.

SWAFPHAM COURSING MEETING.

THE meeting at Swaffham commenced on Tuesday, the 15th instant, and was very numerously attended; the weather on the whole proved favourable, and the hares being remarkably stout, the sport was excellent, of which the following is a full account:

FIRST WESTACRE FIELD.

For the Cup.—Mr. Young's blue d. Veto, beat Sir W. Clayton's Umpire.—Mr. Reid's blk. and w. Bustard, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. d. Lounger.—Mr. H. Redhead's blk. d. York, beat Mr. F. Hamond's blk. d. Wellington.—Mr. Hamond's blk. b. Queen, beat Admiral Wilson's blk. d. Orpheus.—Captain Wyatt's blk. and w. d. Jasper, beat Lord Rivers's blk. b. Rhoda. —Mr. Wilkinson's r. and w. b. Clara, beat Capt. Clayton's red d. Zadora.—Mr. Upcher's blk. and w. Prussia, beat Mr. R. Hamond's blue d. Slang.—Sir A. Bertie's blk. and w. d. Tickler, beat Mr. Gurney's blk. d. Ajax.

Matches.—Puppies.—Mr. Wilkinson's d. p. Castanos, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. and w. b. p. Young Lively.—Mr. Wilkinson's brin. b. p. Calypso, beat Mr. Redhead's b. p. Luna.—Capt. Wyatt's blk. and w. b. p. Jewel, Sir A. Bertie's blk. spotted b. Two-shoes, undecided. —Mr. Gurney's Augusta, beat Capt. Clayton's blk. b. Zone.—Lord Rivers's blk. and w. b. Rusty, beat Sir A. Bertie's r. b. Topaz.—Mr. R. Hamond's blue d. Stout, beat Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. Capsicum.—Adm. Wilson's blk. d. Othello, beat Capt. Wyatt's blk. and w. Jesse.—Sir A. Bertie's fawn col. Thais, beat Capt. Wyatt's blk. d. Jericho.—Mr. R. Hamond's blk. d. Smolensko, and Mr. Redhead's blk. b. Leveret, undecided.—Capt. Clayton's blk. d. Zodiac, beat Mr. Gurney's r. d. Anson.—Captain Clayton's blue and w. Zulma, beat Mr. H. Redhead's blue b. Yarico. —Mr. R. Hamond's blk. d. Silverthorn, beat Mr. Wilkinson's blk. and w. Caliope.—Capt. Clayton's blue d. Zink, beat Hon. Captain Rous's blk. d. Monk.—Ld Rivers's blk. d. Raymond, beat Mr. F. Hamond's blk. b. Wafer.—Mr. Gurney's blk. d. Achilles, beat Captain Clayton's blk. d. Zambo.—Mr R. Hamond's dun b. Sheba, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. b. Lady.

Aged Dogs.—Lord Rivers's Richard beat Mr. Upcher's Paragon. —Mr. Upcher's Platoff beat Lord Rivers's Rosina.—Sir A. Bertie's Thorn beat Mr. Gurney's Ape.—Hon. Capt. Rous's Macedonian, beat Mr. R. Hamond's Sylvia.—Lord Rivers's Ransom beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cassino.——Mr. R. Hamond's Slender Sally, and Capt. Clayton's Zenith, undecided.—Mr. Upcher's Pioneer beat Mr. R. Hamond's Sunflower.—Mr. Upcher's Presto, not run for want of light, Mr. Wilkinson's Castle.—Sir W. Clayton's Una, do. Mr. Gurney's Augusta.

CLEY FIELD.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16, 1814.—*For the Cup.*—Capt. Wyatt's blk. and w. d. Jasper, beat Mr. Hamond's Queen.—Sir A. Bertie's Tickler, beat Mr. H. Redhead's York.—Mr. Upcher's Prussia beat Mr.

Mr. Reid's Bustard.—Mr. Wilkinson's Clara beat Mr. Young's Veto.

Matches.—Mr. Redhead's two puppies agst Mr. Upcher's two puppies, undecided.—Mr. Redhead's blk. and w. b. p. Lucy, Mr. Upcher's blue b. p. Poverty.—Mr. Upcher's brindled Penelope, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. and w. Leda.—Capt. Wyatt's blk. b. p. Jewess, beat Sir A. Bertie's spotted d. Thief.—Capt. Wyatt's Jennett beat Capt. Clayton's Zanga.—Capt. Clayton's Zelia, and Mr. N. Micklethwait's Fly, undecided.—Mr. R. Hamond's brindled p. Sting, paid forfeit, to Sir A. Bertie's blue d. Tiger.—Sir A. Bertie's Thalia, paid forfeit to Mr. Wilkinson's Cardinal.—Mr. Redhead's Lynx beat Lord Rivers's Rex.—Sir W. Clayton's Una, Mr. Gurney's Augustus, undecided.—Sir W. Clayton's blk. p. Utilis, Mr. F. Hamond's blk. d. p. Westminster, undecided.—Mr. R. Hamond's dun b. p. Simper, beat Sir A. Bertie's blk. and w. b. p. Toy.—Mr. R. Hamond's Sophia, Mr. Gurney's Ape, undecided.—Admiral Wilson's Orthis, Capt. Wyatt's Jemima, undecided.—Adm. Wilson's Olivia beat Mr. Upcher's Peaseblossom.—Capt. Wyatt's Jupiter beat Capt. Clayton's Zealot.—Mr. Upcher's Pet, (rest not run for want of light) Capt. Wyatt's Juba.—Mr. R. Hamond's Wren, Mr. N. Micklethwait's Fanny.—Lord Rivers's Regulus, Admiral Wilson's Olympus.—Mr. Gurney's blue d. p. Artist, Sir A. Bertie's Tyrant.—Capt. Clayton's blue b. p. Zara, Major Wilson's blue b. p. Bluebell.—Capt. Clayton's Zug, Mr. Gurney's Achilles.—Sir William Clayton's brindled b. p. Useful, Sir A. Bertie's black bitch, p. Tempest.

NARBOROUGH FIELD.

THURSDAY, Nov. 17, 1814.—*For the Cup.*—Mr. Wilkinson's Clara, beat Sir A. Bertie's Tickler.—Capt. Wyatt's Jasper beat Mr. Upcher's Prussia.

Matches.—Capt. Wyatt's blk. p. Jericho, beat Mr. F. Hamond's blk. b. Wafer.—Capt. Wyatt's blk. b. Jewell, beat Mr. F. Hamond's blk. b. Wafer.—Mr. Redhead received forfeit from Mr. Weston.—Mr. Gurney's two puppies, Mr. Upcher's two puppies.—Mr. Upcher's brin. b. Penelope, beat Mr. Gurney's blue d. Artist.—Mr. Upcher's blue b. Post-haste, beat Mr. Gurney's red d. Anson.——Mr. H. Redhead's blue p. Yarico, beat Mr. Tyssen's blk. and w. p. Gipsey.—Sir A. Bertie's blk. b. p. Topaz, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. b. p. Luna.—Mr. Redhead's blk. b. p. Leveret, beat Mr. F. Hamond's blk. d. p. Westminster.—Mr. Upcher's Presto beat Mr. Wilkinson's Castle.—Lord Rivers's blk. b. p. Rusty, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. and w. p. Young Lively.—Admiral Wilson's blk. d. Orpheus beat Mr. Wilkinson's r. b. Clarissa.—Admiral Wilson's blk. d. p. Othello, beat Mr. R. Hamond's brin. b. Sickle.—Mr. R. Hamond's Sober beat Mr. Upcher's Platoff.—Capt. Wyatt's Juba beat Mr. Upcher's Pet.—Sir A. Bertie's Thorn, Mr. Upcher's Pioneer, undecided.—Sir A. Bertie's w. d. p. Telemachus, Mr. Young's blue b. p. Vale, undecided.—Sir A. Bertie's blk. d. p. Tyrant, beat Captain Clayton's blue d. p. Zink.—Capt. Wyatt's blk. d. Jupiter, beat Mr. Wilkinson's w. d. Cardinal.—Adm. Wilson's blk. b. Orthis, Capt. Wyatt's blk. b. Jemima, undecided.—Mr. Gurney's blk. b. p. Augusta, beat Sir W. Clayton's brin. p. Useful.—

Mr.

Mr. Gurney's blk. d. p. Achilles, Capt. Clayton's d. p. Zebra, undecided.—Sir W. Clayton's Umpire, beat Mr. F. Hamond's Wellington.—Mr. N. Micklethwait's Ferdinand, Mr. Gurney's Ajax, off by consent.—Mr. Gurney's Achilles beat Capt. Clayton's Zug.—Adm. Wilson's Olympus beat Ld Rivers's Regulus.—Mr. F. Hamond's Wren beat Mr. N. Micklethwait's Fanny.—Capt. Clayton's blue b. p. Zara, Major Wilson's blue b. Bluebell, paid forfeit.—Sir A. Bertie's blue d. Tiger, Mr. R. Hamond's Sting, undecided.

SECOND WESTACRE FIELD.

FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1814.—*For the Cup.*—Mr. Wilkinson's r. and w. b. Clara, won the cup.

Produce Matches.—Mr. Redhead's Lynx, Mr. Upcher's Presto, undecided.—Mr. F. Hamond's Wren beat Mr. Upcher's Peaseblossom.—Mr. Redhead's Lounger beat Mr. F. Hamond's Westminster.

Matches.—Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. Capsicum, beat Capt. Clayton's blk. b. Zone.—Sir A. Bertie's blk. b. Thorn, Mr. Gurney's Anna, undecided.—Mr. Young's Veto beat Sir W. Clayton's Umpire.—Mr. N. Micklethwait's Ferdinand, Mr. Wilkinson's Czar, undecided.—Mr. Downes's Alchymist beat Mr. Hamond's Skylight.—Mr. R. Hamond's Slang beat Mr. Gurney's blue b. Ape.—Capt. Clayton's brin. d. Zadora beat Mr. R. Hamond's Somehow.—Mr. R. Hamond's dun b. p. Sheba, beat Sir A. Bertie's spotted p. Thief.—Sir A. Bertie's blk. b. Thalia, beat Mr. Wilkinson's w. d. Cardinal.—Capt. Wyatt's Julia beat Adm. Wilson's Orpheus.—Capt. Clayton's blue and w. d. p. Zulma, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. b. p. Leda.—Mr. Gurney's Ajax, beat Capt. Wyatt's Jason.—Adm. Wilson's blk. d. p. Othello, Sir W. Clayton's blk. b. p. Una, undecided.—Capt. Wyatt's brin. p. Jennette, Capt. Clayton's b. b. Zenith, undecided.—Capt. Wyatt's blk. b. p. Jewell, beat Sir A. Bertie's blk. spotted d. Twoshoes.—Mr. Wilkinson's blk. and w. b. p. Caliope, Mr. R. Hamond's blk. d. p. Silverthorn, undecided.—Sir A. Bertie's b. b. p. Tempest, Mr. Young's b. p. Vale, undecided.—Capt. Clayton's Zambo, Mr. H. Redhead's blue b. p. Yarico, undecided.—Capt. Clayton's blue d. Zealot, Capt. Wyatt's blk. d. Juniper, undecided.—Capt. Clayton's blue b. Zelia, beat Mr. N. Micklethwait's b. b. Fly.—Capt. Clayton's blue d. p. Zodiac, Sir A. Bertie's b. d. p. Tyrant, undecided.—Mr. Downes's Agrestis beat Mr. R. Hamond's Sunflower.—Sir W. Clayton's b. b. p. Utilis, beat Sir A. Bertie's w. d. p. Telemachus.—Mr. Wilkinson's brin. b. p. Calypso, beat Mr. Downes's b. d. p. Veritas.—Mr. Wilkinson's blue d. d. Castanos, beat Mr. Upcher's blue b. p. Poverty.—Mr. Young's blk. d. Venture, not ran, Admiral Wilson's fawn col. b. Orthis.

JOSEPH POWELL, THE CELEBRATED NECROMANCER.

THIS celebrated *Necromancer* and false prophet, who has long deluded the minds of the credulous of both sexes, was on Saturday, the 5th inst. examined at Marlborough-street Police Office, on charges of obtaining money under pretence of diving into futurity. Powell is the man who made so much noise by his apprehension for necromancy in 1807 and 8, for which he was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment.

ment. When the officers apprehended him on the present occasion, he was speaking to a girl, while another waited his leisure. This female was brought to the office to give evidence. She said she had been at the prisoner's room before, when she paid 2s. 6d. and he informed her she never would be very happy until she was twenty-five years of age, when she would be married.—The next witness was a person of the name of Smith, who had been separated from his wife, and he went to the prisoner to learn when he should see her. The prisoner resorted to his books, (which the officers seized) and for 2s. 6d. informed the witness, that if he did not see her on such a day, he could give no hopes of his ever seeing her again. The books of reference, after consulting the *planets*, contained all the information necessary to set up *prophet*. Here was a reference to every card in the pack; for instance, the ten of diamonds denoted *marriage*; ace of clubs, a *letter*; ace of spades, *death*; five of clubs, *a present*; eight of clubs, *confusion*; five of spades, *surprise*; and the four of clubs, a *gaol*; which the prisoner was not conjuror enough to guard against. The prisoner confessed himself an hypocrite, and begged for mercy; but the Magistrates observed on the thousand evils which befel the community by such practices. The third offence constituted felony, for which offence the prisoner was committed.

A multiplicity of letters from credulous females, in high and low life, were found amongst Powell's books; we shall proceed to make a few short extracts from some of these curious documents. The first we shall notice, is dated Southampton-row, August 15, and is from a female of respectability. She complains of having married a man with a fortune of 700l. a year, whom she dislikes; but she says she had him in preference to one she loved, as Powell had told her wealth would purchase love. The lady proceeds as follows:

"I wish to know how long it will be before I shall be left a widow, and whether that will happen in time for me to marry again; say, pray take pains and search out my fate; I was born October, &c. &c. &c. Haste to discover, and let me know the bad with the good."

Another correspondent sends the following—

"Aug. 2, half-past 4 o'clock, Evening.

"Does the person I now think on, ever bestow a thought on me?"

From the same—

"I return you thanks for your great foresight; and pray answer the following questions by to-morrow morning:—

"July 26, nine minutes past 8, *p. m.*

"Is the person I now think on, distressed in mind at my absence, or is he pleased that I have left the country? Relieve my distracted mind!"

Another letter, dated Charlton-street, Somers' Town, and well written, desires to know, for a 1l. note, whether the acquaintance, which the lady had broken off with an officer, would be renewed, or whether she should have her father's choice:

In another letter, addressed to Powell by the same lass, from Farnham, in Surrey, she *thanks him for his advice*, and says she has fled to the protection of her adored!

There are many other letters, from females of high respectability, whose credulity has led them to be imposed on by this offender. There are some truly ridiculous, and others of a most corrupt kind.

THE

THE PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF GOLDFINDER.

MR. WHEBLE—SIR,

YOUR Correspondent, Z. B. in your Magazine for September last, (page 260) observes, that "Goldfinder was one of the best King's Plate horses, and actually won more than any racer in the kingdom;—he was contemporary with Eclipse, and like him was uniformly successful, and carried all before him in the same gallant style." I wish to inform Z. B. that Goldfinder never started for a King's Plate, and for his better information have sent you

The PEDIGREE *and* PERFORMANCES *of* GOLDFINDER, *a Bay Horse, foaled in 1764; bred by John St. Leger Douglas, Esq. of Spring-Fields, and sold to Jenison Shafto, Esq.*

Goldfinder was got by Snap; his dam by Blank; grandam, by Lord Bolingbroke's Nettle's dam, by Regulus; great grandam, by Lord Lonsdale's Bay Arabian, out of the Duke of Bolton's Bonny-Lass, (Merry Andrew's dam) by Bay Bolton, Darley Arabian, Byerley Turk, Taffolet Barb, Place's White Turk, out of the Tregonwell natural Barb Mare.

At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, April 5, 1768, Goldfinder won a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. (4 Subscribers) 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. beating Mr. Vernon's Galba, by Sweepstakes, dam by Cade; and Mr. Fortescue's br. colt, by Old England, out of Bajazetta.—At starting, 5 to 4 on Galba.—In the Second Spring Meeting, April 29, he won the Ascot Stakes of 25gs. each, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. beating Sir John Moore's Baber, Lord Grosvenor's Bodfach, Mr. Vernon's Flush, the Duke of Ancaster's Jethro, Lord Rockingham's Monkey, the Duke of Bridgewater's Hercules, and Lord Gower's bay colt, by Tearing Robin.—In the First October Meeting, (Monday) he won a Subscription of 200gs. each, h. ft. (8 Subscribers) 8st. 10lb. each, B. C. beating Lord Ossory's Fabius, Lord Grosvenor's Ancient Pistol, the Duke of Grafton's Baber, Lord Bolingbroke's Sejanus, and the Duke of Ancaster's Hostage.—At starting, 5 to 4 on Sejanus.—Tuesday, Goldfinder, 8st. 7lb. received forfeit from Sir John Moore's bay filly, own Sister to South-East, 8st. 2lb. B. C. 300gs. h. ft.—In the Second October Meeting, (Thursday) he won the Contribution Stakes of 5gs. each, (20 subscribers, a non-subscriber paying 30gs. entrance); four-year-olds, 7st. 7lb. five-year-olds, 8st. 9lb. B. C. beating Lord Ossory's Metaphysician, 5 yrs old; Lord Bolingbroke's Tartuffe, 5 yrs old; Mr. Strode's Ladythigh, 5 yrs old, (30gs. entrance); and Lord Tarnham's Cobbler, 4 yrs old.

In the First Spring Meeting, (March 31) 1769, he won the 150gs. for horses, &c. rising 5 years old, 8st. 10lb. B. C. beating Lord Grosvenor's Ancient Pistol, Mr. Vernon's Flush, the Duke of Bridgewater's Darby, by Blank, and the Duke of Grafton's Charmer, by Blank.—In the First October Meeting, (Tuesday) he won a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, p. p. and the Cup, (10 Subscribers) for four-year-olds, 7st. five-year-olds, 8st. 3lb. six-year-olds, 9st. 3lb. and

and aged, 9st. 10lb. B. C. beating the Duke of Ancaster's Jethro, 5 yrs old; Sir C. Bunbury's Bellario, 6 yrs old; Mr. Vernon's Marquis, aged; Sir L. Dundas's A-la-Greque, 6 yrs old; and Lord Rockingham's Cosmo, 5 yrs old:—[Lord Grosvenor's Bay Halkin, 4 yrs old; Mr. P. Blake's Leader, 5 yrs old; Lord Bolingbroke's Sejanus, 5 yrs old; and Lord Barrymore's Thumper, aged, paid forfeit.] At starting, 2 to 1 agst Jethro, 5 to 2 agst Goldfinder, 4 to 1 agst Bellario, 5 and 6 to 1 agst Marquis, 8 to 1 agst A-la-Greque, and the same against Cosmo.—On the Saturday, he won a Subscription of 50gs. each, p. p. (6 Subscribers) for five-year-olds, 9st. each, B. C. beating the Duke of Ancaster's Jethro. 5 to 1 on Goldfinder.—In the Second October Meeting, (Tuesday) he received 450gs. compromise from Mr. P. Blake's Leader, by Fearnought, 9st. each, B. C. 500gs. p. p.—On the Wednesday, he walked over for the 150gs. for five-year-olds, 8st. 10lb. B. C.—And on the Friday, he walked over for the Contribution Stakes of 5gs. each, (20 Subscribers) for all ages, B. C.

In the Second Spring Meeting, 1770, Goldfinder walked over for a Subscription of 25gs. each, (8 Subscribers) for all ages, B. C.—On the Tuesday, in the First October Meeting, he walked over for the Cup for all ages, B. C.—But on the day following, he broke down in his exercise, otherwise was intended to have started for the King's Plate against Eclipse.

Goldfinder never ran but at Newmarket.

Goldfinder was a horse of great speed and power; and was *never beat, or ever paid a forfeit*.—He was sold at Mr. Shafto's sale at Newmarket, on Saturday, October 5, 1771, to Sir Charles Sedley, for 1350gs.; and covered at Nuttall-Temple, near Nottingham, in 1772 and 1773, twenty mares, (besides those of the owner) at 20gs. and 5s.—In 1774 and 1775, thirty mares, (with the owner's) at 20gs. and 10s. 6d.—In 1776 and 1777, forty mares, &c. at 25gs. and 10s. 6d.—In 1778, fifty mares, (with those of the owner) at 20gs. and 10s. 6d.—After the death of Sir Charles Sedley, he was sold for 375gs.; and in 1779, 1780, and 1781, at Coxe's Farm, near Mitcham, Surrey, at 10gs. and 5s.—In 1782, 1783, and 1784, at the same place, at 5gs. and 5s.

Goldfinder died in 1789, aged twenty-five years. He was the sire of Sir C. Sedley's Fleacatcher, Jack Ketch, Molecatcher, Thief-catcher, Toothdrawer, &c.—Lord G. H. Cavendish's Country-Girl; the Duke of Grafton's Stormer; Sir F. Evelyn's Egham; Sir J. Lade's Knight-Errant, and Medley; Sir H. Harper's Whirligig; Mr. Swinfen's Royal; Mr. Douglas's Catch; Mr. Wyndham's Doctor; Mr. Hatton's Jugurtha; Mr. Weller's Lottery; Mr. Radcliffe's Banquo, and Sarina, (a winner of the St. Leger); and many others, amongst which was Mr. Goodrick's *Manilla*, that bred Dexter; Miss Judy, (Prior, Cardinal, and Lignum-Vitæ's dam); Co-heiress, (Hyperion's dam); Ambidexter, (a winner of the St. Leger), &c.

Fleacatcher was the dam of Sir C. Bunbury's Overseer, Wrangler, &c.

Goldfinder also got the dam of Sir John Webb's Torrent, Potosi, Stride, &c.

A List

A LIST *of* HIS MAJESTY'S PLATES *of* 100*gs. each, run for in* 1768, 1769, *and* 1770, *which were the years when Goldfinder appeared upon the Turf.—Eclipse ran in the years* 1769 *and* 1770.—*Run for in the order in which they are placed.*

1768.

Where run for.	Owners.	Winning Horses.	Sires.
Newmarket	Mr. Castle's	Spot..........	Sweepstakes.
Ditto for mares ..	Lord G. Sutton's	Fortune	Blank.
Guildford	Mr. Vevers's....	Morwick-Ball ..	Regulus.
Ipswich	Mr. Crofts's	Cato..........	Cato.
Newcastle	Mr. Pratt's ...	A-la-Greque ..	Regulus.
Salisbury	Mr. Vevers's....	Morwick-Ball ..	Regulus.
Nottingham......	Mr. Wentworth's	Tortoise	Snap.
Winchester	Mr. Vevers's....	Morwick-Ball ..	Regulus.
Canterbury	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto.
Burford	Lord Ossory's ..	Metaphysician ..	Snap.
Lewes	Mr. Vevers's....	Morwick-Ball ..	Regulus.
Hambleton	Mr. Bethell's ..	Laura	Lofty.
York	Mr. Osbaldeston's	Ragman	Matchless.
Lincoln	Mr. Vevers's....	Morwick-Ball ..	Regulus.
Lichfield	Sir C. Bunbury's	Presto	Newcomb Arab.
Newmarket	Mr. Wentworth's	Tortoise	Snap.
Carlisle	Mr. Cornforth's	Ethon	

☞ The King's Plates at Newcastle, Burford, Hambleton, Lichfield, and Carlisle, were for five-year-olds; and that at Ipswich for four-year-olds; all the others, (except that for mares at Newmarket) were for six-year-olds, four-mile heats, 12st. each.

1769.

Newmarket	Mr. Vevers's....	Morwick-Ball,*	Regulus.
Ditto for mares ..	Sir L. Dundas's	A-la-Greque....	Regulus.
Guildford	Mr. Turner's ...	Slouch	Blank.
Winchester	Mr. Wildman's..	Eclipse........	Marsk.
Newcastle	Mr. Atkinson's..	Dulcinea	Whistlejacket.
Ipswich	Sir C. Bunbury's	Thunder	Scampston-Cade.
Salisbury	Mr. Wildman's..	Eclipse........	Marsk.
Nottingham......	Hon. J.S. Barry's	All-Fours......	Regulus.

* In 1767, *Morwick-Ball* won the King's Plates at Carlisle, Newcastle, and Lichfield, for five-year-olds.—In 1768, he raced for Guildford, Salisbury, Winchester, and Lewes; also at Newmarket in April following:—he walked over at Canterbury and Lincoln. At Newmarket in October, 1768, he was beat, for the King's Plate, by Mr. Wentworth's Tortoise; owing, as it was then supposed, to his not being properly set, as it was expected that he would walk over. *Regulus,* (Sire of Morwick-Ball) won *eight* King's Plates when six years old;—and Mr. Warren's Careless, (a Son of Regulus) won *ten*.—*Eclipse's* dam was also got by Regulus.

Edinburgh,

When run for.	Owners.	Winning Horses.	Sires.
Edinburgh (all ages)	Mr. Law's	Camilla	Slouch.
Canterbury	Mr. Wildman's	Eclipse	Marsk.
Lewes	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto.
Burford	Lord Ossory's	Fabius	Posthumus.
Hambleton	Mr. Atkinson's	Dulcinea	Whistlejacket.
York	Mr. Bland's	Diana	Regulus.
Lincoln	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto.
Lichfield	Mr. Wildman's	Eclipse	Regulus.
Newmarket	Mr. Bland's	Diana	Regulus.
Carlisle	Mr. Bell's	Denmark	Regulus.

☞ Eclipse allowed a year for each Plate, except at Lichfield.

1770.

Newmarket	Mr. O'Kelly's	Eclipse	Marsk.
Ditto for mares	Mr. Atkinson's	Dulcinea	Whistlejacket.
Guildford	Mr. O'Kelly's	Eclipse	Marsk.
Ipswich	Mr. Blake's	Stripling	Marsk.
Newcastle	Mr. Coates's	Melpomene	Alcides.
Winchester	Mr. Strode's	Myrmidon	Regulus.
Nottingham	Mr. O'Kelly's	Eclipse	Marsk.
Chelmsford, (first)	Lord Ossory's	Laura	Whistlejacket.
Salisbury	Mr. Strode's	Myrmidon	Regulus.
Burford, (first)	Lord Craven's	Warwicksh. Wag	Bosphorus.
Edinburgh (all ages)	Mr. Bell's	Denmark	Regulus.
Canterbury	Lord Ossory's	Fabius	Posthumus.
Lewes	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto.
Hambleton	Sir J. Pennington's	Creeping Kate	Babram-Blank.
York	Mr. O'Kelly's	Eclipse	Marsk.
Lincoln	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto.
Lichfield	Mr. Carver's	Pincher	Shakspeare.
Newmarket	Mr. O'Kelly's	Eclipse	Marsk.
Carlisle	Hon. J. S. Barry's	Forester	Dionysius.

☞ In 1769, Eclipse walked over for the King's Plates at Salisbury and Canterbury:—In 1770, he also walked over for the following, viz. Guildford, Nottingham, York, Lincoln, and Newmarket, in October, when he was put out of training.—He won eleven, four of which he raced for.

Your Correspondent, Z. B. in your Magazine for December, 1813, (page 101) states, that "Eclipse ran the same distance (four miles) at York, in eight minutes, with 12st. though going only at his rate, without any inducement to speed." This certainly is doubtful, for on Monday, August 20, 1770, Eclipse walked over for the King's Plate:—He was rode by Sam. Marriott, with his sheets on, and went at the rate of a watering gallop, which by no means could take him over the Course in the above time.—On Thursday following, Eclipse, 8st. 7lb. won the Great Subscription, four miles, beating Tortoise and Bellario, both aged, 9st. each, and at that time considered moderate horses:

horses:—Eclipse went off at score, and as great sums were depending between Tortoise and Bellario, they waited on each other whilst they had run the complete two miles;* (Eclipse, at that time, was not less than a distance and half before them) when they commenced severe running, and Tortoise beat Bellario at the end somewhat easy, and Eclipse beat Tortoise very little above half a distance.—On this race, Mr. O'Kelly employed about sixty men, as constables, to place themselves at a proper distance from the Winning-Post, to prevent his horse from running to York, and though he certainly won very easy, he was pulled up without difficulty.—After the race, it was said that Eclipse had run the Course in about eight minutes, and, as I saw the race, I candidly believe that he did not run it in less time.—I am, Sir, your's, &c.

W. P.

York, Nov. 7, 1814.

HINTS ON PRESERVING GAME.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE following hints were written for my own amusement, and certainly never intended for the public eye; it, however, occurred to me that they might be useful to the readers of the *Sporting Magazine*; if they are worth insertion, and should save a few heads of game, my end will be fully answered.—On determining to send them to you, I endeavoured to put them in a more regular shape (as they were originally written on scraps of paper) but found it almost impossible, therefore hope all errors will be excused.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PRESERVATOR.

HINTS ON PRESERVING GAME.

I shall begin with the keeper, who ought to be a careful and honest man, to be out at night after poachers, to catch vermin, and look after his master's dogs; he ought perfectly to know his business, to be sober, secret, and so honest as not to sell or part with game on any consideration; above all he must be fond of the recreation, have a good head to understand the schemes of poachers, and be resolute when he takes them. It is a good plan to pay him a certain sum per head for vermin, as it will make him more expert in taking it, but by no means allow him any thing for the game he kills. He ought to rise always by day-break to look after the vermin; and earlier for poachers. Two or three persons, whose land joins, may keep a man to look after their game, &c.; another man is also occasionally necessary to assist, unless one or more of the masters will look out a little in poaching affairs.—As public-houses are the haunts of poachers and fish-stealers, the keeper should sometimes make an errand there, to hear a little news; without seeming to pay attention to what is said, he may gain much information.

* The Four-mile Course at York, is 3 miles, 3 quarters, and 244 yards, which is 196 yards short of four miles.

mation. If the keeper attends his church regular, he should sometimes go back, as the poachers may watch him there and, thinking him safe, proceed on any plan they wish; by this means he will defeat it.

I shall now say a little on Vermin, which should constantly be attended to.—Crows and buzzards may be caught near an old sawpit, by placing a hedge-hog cut open, or a piece of meat staked down with a small forked stick on a lump of sawdust, and putting three small steel traps round it in a triangular position, covering them over with sawdust, which will hide the traps, but not prevent them springing.

For kites, bait a trap with a bird or piece of meat, and place it in shallow water, so that the bait may be seen above the surface, but not the trap; this, I understand, is almost the only way of taking ravens.

Most winged vermin must be shot.

To take stoats, weasels, and polecats, place the traps in dry ditches, and under runs at gateways, covered slightly with white feathers.

For cats and all vermin in woods, a hutch or chest trap should be set in the paths with a hedge made on each side the path up to both ends, about one foot and a half high, and ten or fifteen feet long, to turn them into it; the paths should be brushed clear from bushes, grass, &c. Also make with six or eight hazle rods an arch about a foot high, two and a half broad, and three long, over a narrow part of a path, thatched with the grass and brushings of the path, then place three traps under it in and about the middle, and cover them with feathers; this will be proved to be an excellent plan for stoats, &c.—Musk is said to allure stoats, or a piece of very stale rabbit.

An egg is a good bait for crows and magpies.—I have very lately found that a hedge-hog used as before mentioned, only in a wood newly cut, instead of a sawpit, and the traps covered with dead leaves, is a most excellent way of catching magpies and crows; when they are shy, remove it to another place, a few rods off.—A jay used in the same way will take buzzards.

The foregoing rules were told me by a gamekeeper famous for taking vermin, and as I have tried them all, can vouch for the utility of them.

The three following were communicated to me by an old man who always made shooting his study.

1st. Find the nests of kites, &c. when they have hatched their young, hide yourself near enough to shoot the old birds when they come to feed them; if you have shot both old ones, of course the young must be killed, as it would be extreme cruelty to suffer them to starve.

2d. Get a young magpie or crow, tie it in a tree, if any are near they will soon visit it, and you may shoot several times before they will leave it. Always practise this if you wing a bird.

3d. Provide a young cat, and tie it up where crows and magpies resort; if the cat will cry loud and frequently, (by keeping out of sight) many shots may be obtained, and particularly if the dead are not taken away.

If woods are much infested with cats, bait the hutch traps with a red herring, and draw train scents to them with two or three herrings tied

tied to a string. If herrings cannot be got, any fish dried in the sun and half roasted, will answer nearly as well.

Where steel traps are used, they ought to be tied to a stake or bush. The price of the sort I make use of is 2s. each, and that size will be found to answer better than larger, provided the spring is stiff enough.

(To be continued.)

ON THE QUESTION, WAS HIGHFLYER EVER BEATEN?

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Am sorry to be obliged to trouble you again about Highflyer, especially as I thought no one could any longer suppose he had ever been beat, or paid forfeit; but Mr. Lawrence still clings to the original error in the index of the Racing Calendar, and I therefore wish to set the matter completely at rest. If Mr. L. will refer to the Racing Calendar by Fawconer, of 1776, page 211, he will find the entry for the Great Subscription, in which the Herod colt, named by Sir John Moore, is out of an own Sister to the dam of Florizel, and therefore neither Highflyer or the Marotte colt. If he will proceed to page 214, of the same volume, he will observe, under the entry for the Sweepstakes of 300gs. each, D. I. the Herod colt of Lord Bolingbroke's (called in the index to the year 1777, Highflyer), as the colt out of Sir J. Moore's Marotte; whereas Highflyer was out of Rachel. Continuing his researches to page 216, of the same volume, he will perceive under the entry for the Sweepstakes of the Second October Meeting of 100gs. D. I. Lord Bolingbroke's Herod colt, out of Marotte, which, in the year 1777, was beaten, and in the index called Highflyer. In the next page, 217, Highflyer is entered as out of Anthony's dam, in the Sweepstakes of 100gs. D. I. which race he won. Anthony's dam was Rachel. As to my following the course of the editor of the General Stud Book, I could not do otherwise, for I am as positive of the correctness of that statement, as I should be of any horse in my own stable under similar circumstances.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. B.

Cork-street, Nov. 15, 1814.

ON THE CRUELTY OF ENGLISH AMUSEMENTS.

(Concluded from page 32.)

WHAT man of liberal mind can witness a bull-bait, with its attendants, cruelty and riot, without saying it militates against his feelings; and yet this infamous sport is regarded by the thoughtless part of the community, as exclusively their rights; which, with the absurd bequests of its infatuated admirers, have, in a great measure, served to rivet this regard. What inference can we draw from these unnatural benefactions, so cruelly incompatible with real religion, except they were meant to bring this very religion into contempt, and, to make this appear more feasible, to give it a degree of singularity, St. Thomas's Day is strictly selected to be dedicated to this inhuman pastime. Now let the reflecting mind indulge one moment in awful rumination upon the dreadful scene. At a season when every devout person is impressed

pressed with the awful goodness of his Creator; when every soul inclines to follow the dictates of his religion, and await the signal which summons him to his duty at church, to pour out his soul on the unexampled goodness of his Saviour, is likewise the signal for dragging this useful but harmless animal to the stake. If the Magistrates are called upon to do their duty in this respect, for no law on our Statute Book can authorize such demoniacal proceedings, the infatuated mob regard it as an infringement on their rights, and offer the most determined resistance. And, perhaps, to the countenance it met with from a late celebrated politician, the champion of christianity and social order, and from the misplaced donations of its ignorant followers, this may be partly ascribed; but the *great cause* from whence this love of brutal pastime proceeds, is a total ignorance of the outward forms of education, a want of knowledge; but infuse into their untutored minds a spirit of enterprize, a love of the delights of learning, and the beneficial effects resulting from it will become apparent in a very few years; but whilst men remain in this vile ignorance, this deficiency of sense; what can be expected but an enthusiastical regard to the brutal amusements of their forefathers? How very correctly has Pope struck at the root of the evil—

"Want of decency is want of sense."

To the honour of the British nation, the following recent act of barbarity committed by their pseudo brethren beyond the Atlantic, admits of no parallel:—"This instance of *more than savage cruelty* was exercised on a poor horse which the Americans had made use of *all day* in carting their plunder, and in the evening, whilst still tackled to the cart, *tied him* to the end of a dwelling house *then in flames*, and *amused* themselves in *looking* at the poor animal making vain efforts to get loose: *but there he was burnt*, and his bones seen there by the writer of this account."

Oh horrible! oh horrible! most horrible!

SHAKESPEAR.

Gracious heaven! it harrows up our very soul to reflect on such diabolical barbarity, that men should have waded so far in blood, as to treat all moral feeling with contempt, to tie a useful animal to the stake, to exhibit all the outward signs of pleasure—to exult with extacy on witnessing the horrid and appaling convulsions, which Nature vainly made to escape from being burnt to death. Such wretches ought to be scouted from off the face of the earth, and branded with the opprobrious name of *Infernal*, to proclaim their passions to those nations who shall receive such abominable delinquents. But mark the insufferable insolence of men of this stamp; they deride our inordinate vanity of being thought the most enlightened nation in the world, and even dispute our just claim to this enviable pre-eminence; a fine part indeed of the progress of knowledge and the influence which an enlightened education has over their uninformed minds, to amuse themselves in beholding the agonising exertions of a noble animal striving to get loose from this most cruel of all deaths. Englishmen dare not commit such atrocities; if they did, they would meet that due correction from public infamy, through

through the great medium of a free press, as would deject their future pretensions, and effectually blast every laudable pursuit.—Thanks to this excellent institution, we have not become so degenerate, so sunk into listless apathy, as to inflict torture for mere sport. No! our amusements are somewhat more rational than exulting in the sufferings of one of the most useful animals that God ever created.

In concluding this catalogue of enormities, I cannot resist expressing my abhorrence of the ungrateful conduct of him who stands primeval head of the Romish Church. This man, whose bitter misfortunes must have caused him to reflect on the late awful changes of the world, and taught by such tremendous examples to avoid the rock from whence their sorrows flow, scarcely becomes fixed in his dominions, than, like his insolent predecessors, he issues a sweeping mandate to restore the Inquisition, with its attendant train of horrors, and, to complete this infamous order, he sends forth a thundering anathema prohibiting Freemasonry, and social order between man and man. He whose whole endeavour is to introduce habits of barbarity—to enslave the human mind—to give it a degree of ferocity, in order with more facility to mould *it* to his detested purposes—strives to the utmost of his power to bring mankind back to their former ignorance—their reverential awe of his spurious pretensions, to sustain which he suspends that fiendlike tribunal over their heads, which, horrible to relate, has done more to exclude the tender ties of benevolence from the mind of man, than any other institution upon earth—what the unanimous voice of ages has at length, through the liberal views of enlightened statesmen, brought to the utmost pitch of worldly perfection; what has tended to disseminate habits of concord and benevolence from man to man. What a pity that men should be so unmindful of their own interests as to strive to overturn this beautiful fabric; and, perhaps, entail the same misery on their decrepid years.

> Look round the habitable world! how few
> Know their own happiness, or knowing it, pursue.
>
> DRYDEN.

But, like the Crusaders of old, the sacred cause of humanity still fights its way in spite of every difficulty; its advocates are firm, undaunted, and exhibit a stimulating example to those who interest themselves in this patriotic undertaking; and for their satisfaction it has been hinted, that every brutal, unmanly act of cruelty, shall be kept alive in the hearts of the people, and meet its due correction from the strenuous exertions of the public press, to support which the Magistrates with laudable benevolence have taken cognizance of every delinquent who grossly offends against the common rights of humanity; and permit me to add, Mr. Editor, a great part of this goodly reformation, must be ascribed to your meritorious labours: your publication is the favourite amusement of all ranks of people; has, from its institution, enjoyed the eminent distinction of standing foremost in vindication of the rights of animals; and blazoning forth the actions of those demons who gratify their passions on poor defenceless brutes. May you and those engaged in this truly laudable cause,

persevere

persevere till success crown your efforts; for they are true patriots to their country, who strive as far as in them lies to obtain some enactment to protect an harmless beast; and the high reward arising from the exquisite pleasure of having rescued an innocent animal from torture, sufficiently repays the pains attendant on such praiseworthy exertions.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Z. B.

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

THIS Meeting having, with many others throughout the kingdom, been entirely interrupted during the last winter, by the uncommon and continued severity of the weather, on Monday, the 14th inst. it resumed its operations, and the assemblage of members and visitors was unusually large.

On Tuesday morning, the FIRST CLASS of greyhounds began running for the Cup, and came in as under:—

FIRST CLASS.

Mr. Best's bl. bitch, Maiden, beat Mr. Thorold's bl. dog, Twister.

Major Topham's w. dog, Friend, beat Mr. Best's bl. bitch, Queen.

Major Topham's blue bitch, Riot, beat Colonel Trotter's bl. dog, Blucher.

Mr. Mellish's bl. bitch, Cora, beat Mr. Thorold's bl. d. Spring.

Mr. Harrison's black dog, Bachelor, beat Major Bower's bl. dog, Bravo.

Mr. Mellish's black bitch, Fly, beat Mr. Best's dun bitch, Rose.

Mr. Mellish's dun dog, Dun, beat Mr. Mellish's blue bitch, Swift, and Mr. Harrison's bl. bitch, Tiptoe.

Eleven matches were afterwards run up, and of which Mr. Mellish and Sir Francis Boynton were the principal winners.

The hares on the Wharram grounds were very numerous: on the Duggleby grounds they were less plentiful: but a large lot of hares were killed, from the superiority of the dogs. The sport was uncommonly good, as the weather was very favourable throughout the whole day.

WEDNESDAY.—Sir M. M. Sykes's foxhounds found at Major Bower's Covers, at Welham, and after running two or three rings round the plantations, the fox went over the Wold in a very handsome style, and after a short but severe burst, was killed at Birdsall. The field was very numerously attended.—The hounds did their business in a very gallant manner.

THURSDAY, as the next Coursing-day, the SECOND CLASS of greyhounds was run up, and came in as under:

Mr. Best's bl. bitch, Maiden, beat Mr. Mellish's dun dog, Dun.

Mr. Mellish's bl. bitch, Fly, beat Mr. Mellish's bl. bitch, Cora.

Major Topham's white dog, Friend, beat Major Topham's blue bitch, Riot, and Mr. Harrison's black dog, Bachelor.

Ultimately for the Cup as under:

Mr. Best's black bitch, Maiden	1
Major Topham's white dog, Friend	2
Mr. Mellish's black bitch, Fly..	3

The hare beat the dogs, as the ground was covered with a severe frost.

Sweepstakes of four dogs, to be run in Classes, was won by Mr. Best's black bitch, Queen, beating Mr. Harrison's white bitch, Twilight, Mr. Mellish's blue b. Mira, and Mr. Thorold's bl. d. Twister.

After

After which, ten matches were run up, and the coursing continued till the close of the evening prevented going on longer.

It was resolved at this meeting, that, in future, it should begin the *first week* in every November, and the *last Monday* in February for the Spring; and that no member's greyhounds should be drawn to run against each other, without they were obliged to be so, from no others being left to start against them.

Mr. Mellish was the Chairman of the meeting, which was very well attended.

A new tryer, of the name of Marshall, was appointed; and the accommodation at the Talbot Inn, under the new tenant, Mr. Barton, was uncommonly good.

ANECDOTE OF TWO ETON SCHOLARS.

THE following anecdote of the high sense of honour in two Eton boys, is well known to many persons who have been educated in that illustrious seminary.

Two young men, one of whom was the late Lord Baltimore, went out shooting, and were detected in that *unpardonable* offence by one of the masters, who came up quickly enough to one of them to discover his person; the other, perhaps having quicker heels, got off unknown. The detected culprit was flogged pretty severely, and threatened with repetitions of the same discipline if he did not discover his companion; this, however, he persisted in refusing in spite of reiterated punishment. His companion, who was confined to his room at his boarding house by a sore throat, which he had got by leaping into a ditch to escape the detection of the master, on hearing with what severity his friend of the trigger was treated on his account, went into school with his throat wrapped up, and nobly told the master that he was out shooting with the young man who with such magnanimous perseverance had refused to give his name.

DEEP PENETRATION OF THE ARABS, RESPECTING CATTLE;

Or, the Origin of the Oriental Proverb, "If any one ask you if you have seen the Camel, answer, No!"

THREE Arabs, brethren of a noble family, travelling together for the improvement of their minds, were accidentally met by a camel driver, who asked them if they had not seen a camel which had strayed from him in the night? "Was not the camel blind of an eye?" said the eldest.—"Yes," said the man.—"It had a tooth out before," said the second.—"It is very true," he replied.—"Was it not a little lame?" answered the third.—"Why really it was?" returned the owner. Taking it for granted then, that they had seen his beast, he besought them to tell him which way it went. Follow us, friend, said they. He did so, and had not gone far, when he happened to say that the camel was laden with corn.—"And it had," continued the Arabians, "a vessel of oil on one side, and a vessel of honey on the other."—"It had so," said the driver, "and therefore let me conjure you to tell me where you met it."—"Met it!" cried the eldest of the brethren, "why we never saw your camel at all."—The man losing all patience at this, began to load them with reproaches, and as they were passing through

a village, he raised the people, and caused them to be apprehended. The Cadi, before whom they were brought, not being able to determine the cause, sent them to the Prince of the country; who, seeing they were persons of distinction, politely requested they would clear up the mystery of the camel, and explain how they could possibly hit upon so many particulars without ever having seen it.—"We are," said they, "neither deceivers, nor necromancers, nor did we use any other instruments of divination than our senses and reason."—"For my part, I judged it was blind, because as I went along I observed the grass eaten up one side of the road, and not on the other."—"And I," said the second, "guessed it had lost a tooth before, as where the grass was cropped closest, there was constantly a little tuft behind."—"And I," added the third, "concluded it was lame, because the prints of three feet were distinct in the road, whereas the impression of the third was nearly defaced; from whence I inferred the animal scarcely set it to the ground."—"All this I agree to," said the Prince, "but how in the name of wonder could you discover that oil and honey made a part of the loading?"—"Why," rejoined the travellers, "we observed that on one side of the path there were little troops of ants ferreting the grass, and that on the other the flies assembled here and there in groupes, insomuch that few or none were on the wing."

ANECDOTE OF FONTENELLE,

RELATED BY BARON GRIMM.

UTTERLY without heart, generosity, or sympathy with any human being, Fontenelle was extremely complaisant and amusing in general society—where he dealt out his epigrams to the very last, with a neatness and vivacity that was extremely engaging; and continued to be universally acceptable, without even pretending to take an interest in any thing but himself. In the whole course of his long life, it was remarked of him, that he was never known either to laugh or to cry; and he even came at last it seems, to make a boast of this insensibility. On one occasion, when a friend of his, in recounting some melancholy occurrence, involuntarily shed some tears, he inquired with affected alarm what was the matter with him—and, upon being told that his feelings overpowered him, replied—"Your feelings! It is now about fourscore years since I bade adieu to feeling and to pastoral poetry." The most decidedly characteristic story, however, is that of the asparagus. He had a great liking it seems, for this vegetable, and preferred it dressed with oil. One day a certain *bon vivant* Abbe, with whom he was extremely intimate, came unexpectedly to dinner. The Abbe was very fond of asparagus also—but liked his dressed with butter. Fontenelle said, that for such a friend there was no sacrifice he did not feel himself capable of—and that he should have half the dish of asparagus which he had just ordered for himself; and that half moreover should be done with butter. While they were conversing together very lovingly, and waiting for dinner, the poor Abbe falls suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy—upon which Fontenelle instantly springs up, scampers down to the kitchen with incredible agility, and bawls out to his

his cook with eagerness, "The whole with oil! the whole with oil! as at first."

BATTLE BETWEEN BIRRELL AND CROSBIE.

A Hard-contested match was fought at Genshaw, on the high ground up from the toll bar on the Drymen road from Glasgow, on Wednesday, 28th September, betwixt Birrell, from London, and Crosbie, belonging to Glasgow. The battle consisted of nine rounds, and lasted about fifty minutes, and was terminated in an undecided manner in consequence of an alledged foul blow, said to have been given by Crosbie.

1st Round.—Birrell showed great confidence; assailed his opponent with a well-directed left-hand blow at his stomach, which was neatly stopped and returned by Crosbie with left and right hits. Birrell hit some very hard blows, and this round, which lasted five minutes, was closed by a knock-down blow from Crosbie, in the giving of which he dislocated the little finger of his right hand.

2d Round.—Crosbie continued to retreat and fight with caution as if not fond of Birrell's right hand—several blows were exchanged and many well stopped. Crosbie was pushed, and in retreating fell among the crowd.

3d Round.—Crosbie received a blow under the handkerchief, his second cried "foul" and was echoed by half the spectators; the judges said "not foul," and the combatants continued to fight.—Crosbie endeavouring to evade the sun-beams which darted right in his face, owing to the position which fell to his lot, in tossing for the ground, was hit by Birrell, and he dropt on his breech in the crowd.—Birrell plunged left and right at his head, which were gracefully stopt and smartly returned by Crosbie, hitting off his man and springing to his feet at the same time; a short rally followed, and Birrell was knocked down; Betting 2 to 1 on Birrell.

4th Round.—Here the scale seemed for the first time in equilibrium—neat sparring followed by sharp hitting. Crosbie stopt fighting and appealed to the judges regarding another foul blow, which he said Birrell had planted in his groin. The judges considered it but a spent blow. Crosbie chearfully submitting resumed his task; a short rally terminated the round, and Birrell was knocked down.

5th Round.—Two or three quick and hard blows were thrown by both parties. Birrell planted a hard right-hand blow under Crosbie's ear, which brought him down.—Bets nearly equal.

6th Round.—Crosbie set to freshly with increased ardour, lodged some good body blows, and Birrell began to fight shy; the utility of his right hand being considerably impaired in finishing the last round, they entered a rally in which Crosbie had decidedly the advantage; Birrell was knocked down.—Betting 6 to 4 in favour of Crosbie.

7th Round.—Crosbie became the assailant, and by the most cogent proofs carried conviction to his opponent's head that he was a sparrer, and somewhat more; and though but his first battle, Birrell was made to believe that he was happy in the application of the rules which he taught. Birrell showed both science and bottom, and

and hit several hard facers with his left hand, two of which spent their rage on Crosbie's right eye; but his wind had now failed him, and he fought with an open mouth. Crosbie placed a smart right-hand hit on the left ear of his opponent, which made him reel round, but he kept his feet and firmly faced his man; a short rally followed, and Birrell was beat down.

8th Round.—The combatants kept sparring, reciprocally inviting each other to attack. Crosbie shewed great good humour, and slyly drawing the fore-finger of his right hand through his own mouth, hit his opponent a smart nob on the nose, which was soon returned by Birrell; a smart rally commenced—hard hitting on both sides—Birrell had decidedly the worst of it—Crosbie, in pushing up his advantage, slipt his foot, and came to his knee.

9th Round.—Hard fighting.—Crosbie in good condition, and well-winded—beat his opponent half round the ring, giving many and receiving some hard facers—Birrell much exhausted; his breathing very laborious; fell down in the crowd. Crosbie hit him a right hand body blow, while he was falling; and his left hand being drawn, he fell in the attitude of striking his opponent: "foul! foul!" was loudly exclaimed by a number; but four-fifths of the spectators cried, *fair, fair!* and considered this merely as an accident. The judges were divided in opinion; and after some altercation, the ring was again formed, Crosbie in the centre of it, seemingly quite fresh. Birrell being called for, declined fighting.

The judges have since settled the matter by dividing the purse.

DANIEL'S DREAM;

AN ARTLESS EFFUSION OF PURE IRISHISM.

Taken from his own mouth, by the Lady of an Irish Lord, who built the Grotto alluded to in the Introduction.

"WHEN the grotto was finished, my Lord invited his men to a dinner before the house. Daniel Rourke only, was missing the day after, and no where to be found. When I enquired the reason of his absence, 'why then, I'll tell you,' said he, 'the good mait and the good drink that I got at the *grot hole,* did not agree with my belt at all, at all. I ate so much that I would never desire to lave off—but what would you have of it, such sickness came upon me I was not strong to go back to my work, and when I went home I was not the better of it. I went to my bed, but the devil a wink of sleep could I get, for the draming all night. And I wish I may never drame such another.'—' What was your dream, Daniel?'—' Why, then, saving your presence, I'll tell you:—I was draming I was coming home from Molly Crinigan, the fairy-woman, where I had been for the cure of the braked heifer that was bewitched; and as I was coming over Hitchford, key of Ballanaskeugh, and looking up at the stars, and blessing myself, because it was our lady's day, what did I do but miss my road, and fall into the water. Well! that was all very well. I was swimming away for the bare life of me, when I swimmed ashore on a desolate island. Well! I went to my beads, and gave thanks, and then I sat down and sang. The cause why I thought for sure and certain it was

to

to be my burying place. Whilst I was singing, there came a big black eagle to myself—God save you, Daniel, said he—you also, said I.—What are you doing upon this desolate island? says he—nothing, says I—I only wish I was safe at Ballanaskeugh again.—Come a horseback upon me, Daniel, says he, and I will bring you safe to Ballanaskeugh again. My life for yours, Daniel, says he, faint heart never won fair lady.—I thought so, myself, says I. Thank you, Sir, says I, for the loan of your civility, and I'll take your kind offer, so what would you have of it? I got a-horseback upon him, and away he flew up with me to the Moon itself. So then, I thought to set him right; the cause why: I thought for sure and certain he did not know the right road to Ballanaskeugh, and I was resolved to be civil, becase he had me in his power, you know; so, says I, plase your honour's glory, I think you are not in the right road to Ballanaskeugh.—Hold your tongue, Daniel, says he, and mind your own business, and don't interfere with the business of other people, Daniel, says he.—May be so, said I, so I said no more.—When we got up to the Moon, take off me, Daniel, said he, I am tired. Bad enough, says I, what will I do? Go upon the Moon till I am rested, and then I'll take you up again.—No, but I won't, says I to myself, for if I do I will fall.—Never fear, Daniel, says he, don't you see a reaping-hook sticking in the side of the Moon?—Take a grip of it, and you are as safe as a thief in a mill.—Well, I did so, and what did himself do, but turns about, and good bye to you, Daniel, says he.—Is that all, you brute you, says I.—Devil speed the traveller, says I—you are an unnatural baste; is that the way you serve me?—Well, all that was very well, when out comes the Man in the Moon to me.—Daniel Rourk, says he, what are you doing with my reaping-hook?—Only holding lest I should fall.—Let go, says he.—Indeed, with your honour's lave, I will not, says myself.—Let go your grip, says he, or else you had better you had.—Indeed I will not, says myself, and the more you bid me, the more I won't—is it to fall, and be kilt and spilt?—I'll try that, Daniel, says he.—What does himself do, but goes in and fetches out a hand-hammer, and knocks off the handle of the reaping-hook, and down myself falls—falls, falls like a bird that was flying, when, God speed, there flies by a flock of wild geese, and sure enough there was some oter geese from the bay of Ballanaskeugh, or else how should they know me?—Is this Daniel? says one of them.—It is so, says I.—Take a grip of myself, Daniel, I think you're falling, and I'll bring you to the ground in a way you won't be spilt.—Sweet was your heart in a pitcher of honey, my jewel, says I.—Immediately I saw a ship below, under me.—Halloo! stop the ship, stop the ship, says I.—Why should we stop the ship, Daniel? says they—By the reason, why we don't know whether you are over it, or not.—Arrah! how shall we know that? says I.—Trow something down, Daniel, says he—God help your head, what would you have me to trow down?—Besides, I am not riding asy, says I.—Ase yourself, Daniel, says he.'—Saving your presence, I did so; but what will you have of it—for what did I find but itself under myself in the bed this morning."

ANEC-

ANECDOTES, SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

Extracted from the Volume lately published of Dr. Clarke's Travels through Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

(Continued from page 26.)

CURIOUS MANNER OF HATCHING CHICKENS IN EGYPT.

"BEFORE daylight in the morning, September the 5th, we went to the village of Berinbal, to see the manner of hatching poultry, by placing their eggs in ovens, so frequently mentioned by authors, and so well described by one of our oldest travellers, George Sandys. Notwithstanding this, the whole contrivance, and the trade connected with it, are accompanied by such extraordinary circumstances, that it required all the evidence of one's senses to give them credibility. We were conducted to one of the principal buildings constructed for the purpose; and entered by a narrow passage, on each side of which were two rows of chambers, in two tiers, one above the other, with cylindrical holes, as passages, from the lower to the upper tier. The floor of the upper tier is grated and covered with mats, on which is laid camel's dung; somewhat resembling the manner of placing hops, for drying, in English Oast-houses. We counted twenty chambers, and in each chamber had been placed three thousand eggs; so that the aggregate of the eggs then hatching amounted to the astonishing number of sixty thousand. Of these, above half are destroyed in the process. The time of hatching continues from autumn until spring. At first, all the eggs are put in the lower tier. The most important part of the business consists, of course, in a precise attention to the requisite temperature: this we would willingly have ascertained by the thermometer, but could not adjust it to the nice test adopted by the Arab superintendant of the ovens. His manner of ascertaining it is very curious. Having closed one of his eyes, he applies an egg to the outside of his eyelid; and if the heat be not great enough to cause any uneasy sensation, all is safe; but if he cannot bear the heat of the egg thus applied to his eye, the temperature of the ovens must be quickly diminished, or the whole batch will be destroyed.* During the first eight days of hatching, the eggs are kept carefully turned. At the end of that time, the culling begins. Every egg is then examined, being held between a lamp and the eye; and thus the good are distinguished from the bad, which are cast away. Two days after this culling, the fire is extinguished; then half the eggs upon the lower are conveyed to the upper tier, through the cylindrical passages in the floor; and the ovens are closed. In about ten days more, and sometimes twelve, the chickens are hatched. At this time a very singular ceremony ensues. An Arab enters the ovens, stooping and treading upon stones placed so that he may walk among the eggs without injuring them, and begins clucking like a hen; continuing this curious mimicry until the whole are disclosed. We heard this noise, and were equally surprised and amused by the singular adroitness of the imitation-

* We may therefore suppose the temperature about equal to blood-heat, or 100 degrees of Fahrenheit.

The

The chickens thus hatched are then sold to persons employed in rearing them. Many are strangely deformed, and great numbers die, not only in rearing, but even during the sale; for, to add to the extraordinary nature of the whole undertaking, the proprietors of these ovens do not give themselves the trouble of counting the live chickens, in order to sell them by number, but dispose of them, as we should say, by the gallon, heaping them into a measure containing a certain quantity, for which they ask the low price of a *parah*, rather more than a farthing of our money."

ANIMALS AND FISH AT THE ISLE OF PATMOS.

"The island abounds in goats, rabbits, and partridges. In the evening we amused ourselves in fishing, and caught some red mullets. The harbour appeared as literally swarming with the most beautiful fishes of all colours. We perceived some that were green, others that were blue, and again others that were striped. Our sailors taught us to use small shell-fish for our baits; and as we lowered these to the bottom, the water being as clear as crystal, the fish, tempted from their haunts among the marine plants that covered the rocks, were seen distinctly whenever they took the snare. The Greeks are very expert fishermen, and our sailors caught many more than we could do; they had also a curious method of luring the fish out of the spiral shells which we found here, by a continued and gentle tapping of the shell with the point of a knife, accompanied by a tremulous whistling."

HOSPITALITY OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

"We have before had occasion to allude to the hospitality of the Greeks, to their love of festivity, and to the sort of sensation excited by the arrival of strangers among them; but perhaps the following anecdote may exhibit these their national characteristics in a more striking manner than has been hitherto done. The Consul having sent his mules to the harbour, we went to visit him, as we had promised to do, and despatched messengers about the town in search of medals and gems. Towards the evening, as we were preparing to take leave of our host, a little girl arrived, who said, if we would follow her, she would conduct us to a house where several antiquities would be offered to us for sale. When we got into the street, we were surprised to meet a young lady very splendidly dressed, who offered to us some medals, and said, if we would accompany her, she would take us to a house where the owner kept a collection of such rarities. Presently we met a second female, nearly of the same age, and similarly habited; who addressed the first, laughing, and then literally seized one of us by the arm, bidding her companion secure the other: and in this manner we were hurried into a crowded assembly, where many of the inhabitants had been collected for a regular ball. The dancing instantly began; and being welcomed with loud cheers into the midst of the party, there was no alternative but to give up all thoughts, for the rest of the evening, of returning to our caique, and contribute to the hilarity of those by whom we had been thus hos-

ditably inveigled. Our conductors proved to be the two daughters of the master of the house, who thus honourably entertained, after the manner of his forefathers, two private strangers whom he was never likely to see again, and from whom he could reap no possible advantage. Every species of Greek dance was exhibited for the amusement of his guests. The whole night passed in one interrupted scene of the most joyous vivacity. When morning dawned, we retired; but we left them still dancing; and we heard their reiterated songs as we descended through the valley towards the shore."

WRESTLERS AT NAUPLIA IN THE PELOPONNESUS.

"The *Athletæ* were principally wrestlers. We saw two of them advance into the arena where the combat was to take place: they came hand in hand, capering and laughing as if highly gratified by the opportunity of shewing them their skill: presently they put themselves into various attitudes, and began to make faces at each other. They wore tight leather breeches well soaked in oil; in other respects their bodies were stark naked, except being anointed with oil, and rubbed over with dust. To gain the victory, it was necessary not only that one of the combatants should throw the other, but that, having thrown him, he should be able to keep his adversary lying upon his back until he, the conqueror, regained his feet; for in the struggle they always fell together."

ASHDOWN PARK COURSING MEETING.

ON Wednesday, the 20th inst. for Matches at One Guinea, Mr. J. Cripps's Clinker beat Mr. Davenport's Desperate; Mr. Goodlake's (Coxe's) Conqueror beat Mr. E. Cripps's Claret; Mr. Loveden's Lenox beat Mr. Pettatt's Poll; Mr. Goodlake's Gossamer, beat Sir J. Throckmorton's Tippet; Mr. Goodlake's (Coxe's) Clio beat Mr. Davenport's Dimity; Mr. E. Cripps's Calypso beat Mr. Isherwood's Icicle; Mr. Pettatt's Puffer beat Mr. Loveden's Laurel; Mr. Loveden's Letter beat Mr. Pettatt's Pan; Mr. Davenport's Dermot beat Mr. Isherwood's Gipsey; Mr. Goodlake's Gelert beat Mr. Loveden's Leicester; Mr. Pettatt's Princess beat Mr. Davenport's Danger; Mr. Goodlake's (Coxe's) Champion against Mr. J. Cripps's Conqueror, undecided; Mr. Isherwood's Ivy beat Mr. Davenport's Dreadnought; Mr. Davenport's Damage beat Mr. Goodlake's Gulley; Mr. Cripps's Cossack beat Mr. Loveden's Leonora; Mr. Goodlake's Gambol beat Mr. E. Cripps's Catch.

On Thursday, for matches, at one guinea, Mr. Isherwood's Isaac beat Mr. Cripps's Cato; Mr. Goodlake's Guinea Pig beat Mr. Loveden's Lincoln; Mr. Goodlake's Goddess beat Mr. E. Cripps's Cora; Mr. Coxe's Champion beat Mr. Cripps's Conqueror; Mr. Coxe's Cobweb beat Mr. E. Cripps's (Duffield's) Dart; Mr. Goodlake's Gulley beat Mr. Davenport's Dispatch; Mr. Davenport's Dermot against Mr. Cripps's Catch, undecided; Mr. Coxe's Clio against Mr. Davenport's Dimity, undecided; Mr. Cripps's Cossack beat Mr. Goodlake's Gambol; Mr. Loveden's Leonora received forfeit from Mr. Cripps's Clinker, lame.

Lord Rivers and Lord Maynard were attending the Swaffham Meeting at Suffolk, which prevented them

them from being present at this meeting.

Sir James Mansfield, the late Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas, is at Bath. He took the diversion of coursing on the Berkshire Downs, at T. Goodlake's, Esq. at Letcomb, on his way to join his family there.

DANGEROUS ACCIDENTS FROM RACE HORSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SOME months since, I read the following melancholy accident in the *County Chronicle*:—" At Canterbury last week, a youth, named John Southee, of that city, was killed by the race-horse Quizzer, throwing out his hinder legs, whilst being led over the course." —Now, Sir, such an accident as this might unavoidably happen, and therefore no one to blame; the youth might intrude, and expose himself unguardedly; the horse might be habitually vicious, or excessively ticklish, from the fineness of his skin; a fly, at that unfortunate instant, might sting him severely; in fine, throughout all human affairs, there are casualties in a frightful abundance, against which no human foresight or caution, let them do their best, can prove an effectual guard: but—

I regret that I have a right from experience, to declare, that a great number of dangerous accidents have formerly happened, from the silly and absurd custom of permitting the boys in the racing stables at Newmarket and elsewhere, to teach their horses tricks, and almost generally, that of striking out with one of the hinder legs, insomuch that it was not always safe for a stranger to pass behind them. I have not been much among race-horses for many years, so cannot speak to the present existence, or not, of such an unwarrantable custom; but should it still subsist, in however small a degree, I beg leave strongly to enter my caution against it, in your Magazine, which I apprehend, has a general circulation among those persons to whom I desire to address myself, calling most seriously and earnestly upon all training grooms, to prohibit strictly such unthinking practices amongst the young men in their service. The heavy load of responsibility they may otherwise incur, must be extremely obvious.

Five and thirty years ago, I found the above policy very prevalent at Newmarket, and narrowly escaped the receipt of several *pats* with the hinder hoof, for the honour of the turf. My groom then pointed out to me three or four colts, which were taught this pretty trick so knowingly, that the boys who looked after them, had no fears at all on their account, since, if they received a playful blow, it was not intended to do harm, and they never took the pains to consider that strangers carried about them no similar policy of insurance, an example of which I shall immediately give, it being fresh in my memory, after the lapse of so many years. Being with a friend at Warley Common, among the horses which ran one was called King Priam, a powerful horse, which I understood was to be sold, and which, I thought, might probably suit my friend as a hunter.

We

We afterwards went into the stable to look at this horse, and were standing behind him, making some remarks, when he suddenly threw out his heels with such a vengeful force, that had they struck my friend's head, which they probably missed by half an inch, he had most assuredly never wanted another horse, but for the service of his hearse. The hair-breadth escape, however, completely put the meditated bargain out of our heads, which were turned, at the instant, from this wicked world towards the kingdom of heaven, where we might hope to find both the men and the horses less vicious. I know not whether this horse was vicious, but I do know that I have often seen the same dangerous trick from horses perfectly free from vice.—But, granting that poor King Priam had been ever so revengeful and malicious, and bent upon the destruction of every man who came within his reach, it was no more than they justly merited, so far as he could possibly comprehend, whose treatment from man was the very abomination of cruelty.—The horse, although well bred, had neither the speed nor character of a racer, yet he was selfishly started for plate after plate, and flayed alive with the whip and spur, for not doing that which nature had rendered impossible! There can be no plea of betting money upon such horses, because no money can be got on them, either one way or the other; nor of recommending them for sale, since every race is a fresh proof of their inferiority. It is true, a gentleman may entertain a mistaken notion of this kind, and his groom, for substantial reasons, may encourage him in it; but how often have stable-keepers themselves acted the same stupid part? Another instance of the kind, I witnessed afterwards at Egham. They were rubbing down Medley, by Gimcrack, after a heat. A stupid country fellow stood gaping with all his eyes, when the horse threw out his heels like a shot, near enough, I will be bound, for Tony to feel the effect of the wind of it, and had the blow taken place, his head would as surely have been dispatched on a cruise across Runnymead, as though it had been stricken by a cannon ball.

Now I am on horseback upon the subject, I may as well trot on a distance farther, with my budget of cautions, which, by the by, I am very well aware the young will laugh at, the old will shake their wise noddles and dream over, and the majority will not care a single d—n for. And what is all that to me? *I'll give a penny for their thoughts, whoever of them, just after they have felt a horse's heel in their chops, or have, by their carelessness or foolery, brought another into that charming situation.*—Whatever philosophers may pretend, from Locke to Godwin, there are naturally vicious horses; and it is almost superfluous to give any cautions respecting them, since one would suppose a man with eyes in his head would not run it into the fire. As a proof of natural vice, take the full brothers Coxcomb and Dorimant, the one a tyger, the other a lamb; yet both broke and trained by the same persons, at the same place. The countenance of Childers is vicious, confirming that report. Careless was dreadfully vicious; Croney the same. I remember Croney in training at Epsom, throwing Cam-

Cammitt, the jockey, in the lane going to the Downs, and pursuing him when upon the ground, open-mouthed, as any other wild beast would, and the man had a very narrow escape, by climbing over the hedge, with the loss, I believe, of part of the flaps of his coat, or the seat of his breeches, which the horse carried away in his mouth. I had a mare once, which had torn out a boy's entrails. Nor is it by any means prudent or safe, to trust to the play of covering stallions; however naturally good their tempers, they are sometimes taken with a fit of the brute. As a very apt example, I knew a young man, who had his upper lip completely torn from his face, by a favourite stallion. I have certainly run too great risks myself with favourites, but not with stallions. It is remarkable, Eclipse always seemed desirous of laying hold of my hat, which he attempted at least a score times, and which I declined as often. A racing gelding, his composition, the very essence of good nature, of which I was very fond, and used often to visit in his loose stable, would always take hold of the buttons of my coat, beginning at top, as if he really endeavoured to number them; and I had a mare, which would as soon go into the house with me as into her stable, and would play with me, and chace me round a paddock, just in the same way as a dog would; but this harmless play had nearly been repeated too often, for she once jumped upon my shoulders with her fore feet, somewhat too roughly, and what was worse, I had a lady by my side. We should remember, that at best all this is horse play. I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

A Bit of a Jockey.

For the Sporting Magazine.

ZOFFANI'S WATER-CRESS GIRL.

SOME time having passed, since I had the opportunity of communicating, in this line, with the *Sporting Magazine*, it may be necessary to remind its readers, of my original undertaking for the truth and authenticity of such anecdotes as I should at any time produce, and of the assurance that they should neither be of Birmingham manufacture, nor town-made; but the result, either of my own personal knowledge, or of such information, as I had the best reason to deem trust-worthy.

Your biographical correspondents have, in several instances, the eminent one particularly of Francis Moore, explained the nature of that interest which might subsist in a detail of the lives and actions of persons in the humble classes of life. A blackguard, or mendicant of native genius, or distinguished by certain eccentricities of person or conduct, or by the public favour, and who had adroitly scrambled over the ups and downs of indigence, would afford a far more interesting, and even instructive assortment of materials for the use of the biographer, than a person of the greatest opulence or highest station, whose life had been spent in one uniform, unvaried round of business, or of enjoyments, of receiving daily homage and visits; and making regular re-payments in the same kind of coin. But the labours of Francis Grose and Mark Noble, and the immortal names of Cosley, Molly Puff, and Tiddy Doll, are my best vouchers, and indeed render any arguments I may employ, entirely superfluous.—Granting that these remarks do not apply

apply to the present subject, her portrait must answer for all.

The WATER-CRESS GIRL was a real portrait, and personally known to the present writer; who may be in possession of the original painting, I am uninformed, but there are many of the engravings yet to be seen in the metropolis, and in various parts of the country, a diffusion which proves that the picture had a considerable hold on the public feeling, and perhaps no other piece of that painter was so popular or generally noticed. It is in the best manner of Zoffani's portrait-painting, and there is a softness and simplicity, and appropriateloveliness of character infused into it, which render it extremely touching, without the aid of personal beauty.

It may be necessary, perhaps, to acquaint a very considerable number of readers, that our celebrated painters take their sketches of the natural beauties of the human female form, from living models, who must necessarily exhibit the whole person in the most simple and unincumbered state of nature. Subjects for this purpose are by general custom selected from that youthful band of nymphs, who, having made no vows of chastity, freely perambulate the streets of the metropolis, night and day, as their rightful domain, over which they hunt for their sport and subsistence; a similar band probably subsists in every great city on earth, and has, from the earliest records of time, although our pious folk of the present enlightened period pretend that the system of society is so perfect, as to require no such meretricious aid, and are frequently attempting to deprive society of it, without bestowing a single thought upon what may be necessary in the way of substitution.—The ladies who have the honour of being made choice of for this purpose, are rewarded according to their merits, and to the degree of attendance required. This plan, however it may infringe upon the notions commonly entertained of strict decorum, and the absolute necessity there may be of keeping a veil over the most alluring parts of female beauty, does not revolt the feelings of benevolence and commiseration, like a certain other method of gain, to which a part of these objects devote themselves—the horrid practice of selling their young and beautiful teeth to the dentists, to be transplanted into other heads.

The Water-Cress Girl was painted between thirty and forty years ago, at the age of fifteen or sixteen years; her walk was Covent-Garden, the Strand, and the Haymarket; and about two years previously, she made one of that groupe of nymphs, who ran from the fields of Paddington, to their lodgings in the vicinity of St. Giles's, at noon-day, unincumbered with one single habiliment or rag, from head to foot. It was in the summer season, and they had been bathing in a pond, when some wicked wag bundled up, and made off with the whole of their clothes. Of this scene, a print was afterwards made and sold in the shops. About the same time when Zoffani painted the girl of which we are speaking, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his SLEEPING VENUS, or some other female of great beauty, from the exquisite model of a young girl, who was then in the habit of parading the Haymarket, but who has since most prudently turned life to a far better account. This last was an acquaint-

quaintance of the former, and told the following story of her friend, which long passed current among the painters:—The Water-Cress Girl, it seems, until the occurrence of a certain untoward accident, piqued herself highly on her virgin purity, which she really reserved, either for an honourable purpose, or on the speculation of a favourable market; that commodity being doubtless subject to fluctuations upon the great mart of London, as well as all others. She was nevertheless, too personable and attractive a nymph to be without a swain, and one she had, in all probability some young prig or buzman, with which the streets at that period were equally well replenished as at the present time, thanks to the most vigilant, best conceived, and best paid police on the face of the earth. This young swain, not quite so scrupulous as the maiden, actually introduced himself into her bed whilst she was in a profound sleep, when, being waked by the too eager attentions of her sweetheart, she exclaimed, in great agitation, "O Jack, how could you be so treacherous!" Which being overheard by several inmates of a similar description, was not easily forgotten, but passed as a common phrase for several years thereafter.

This humble female being thought worthy, by a celebrated painter, of having her likeness conveyed to posterity; and the public having, in a considerable degree, given their sanction, seemed to be a sufficient warrant for a short biographical notice, so far as to attest the actual existence of such a person. And it may probably add somewhat to the consequence of our heroine, to class her, in one respect with a *lady* of high Neapolitan and Mediterranean notoriety. They both originally derived their consequence and introduction to the public, from the sketches which they permitted to be taken of their persons. Happy would it be for her *Ladyship*, had she nothing more to burden her conscience, when the trying moment comes, than in all probability has, or will, disturb the peace of mind, of the poor and unambitious Water-cress Girl.

Zoffani, not long since deceased, was once a great favourite of Royalty. After the establishment of his reputation in this country, he passed many years of his life in India, whence it is probable he did not return in opulent circumstances, which might well have happened, had his industry equalled his fame and real ability. An excessive devotion to women, and to the Asiatic customs and luxuries, totally precluded the execution of any laudable scheme of that kind, which he might have previously formed.

An Observer of the Times.

INFORMATION FOR KEEPING A GAMING-HOUSE.

In consequence of an information that No. 27, Bury-street, St. James's, was a common gambling-house for illegal games, the officers of Bow-street went there on Saturday, the 12th inst. and found, no doubt, it was used for such purposes. A great number of persons were assembled, who afterwards attended at the office, and underwent an examination before Mr. Birnie; they were a motley group. The following is the list of names, and what they gave in and represented themselves to be:—Cap-

Captain William Lewis, of the Militia; William Munday, gentleman; Major Elrington, of the 3d West India Regiment; Richard Bennett, gentleman; Captain F. Parkes, R. N.; James Dewindt, gentleman; Henry Russell, gentleman; Ensign Carr; Lieutenant Moore, 38th; Captain Ingram; Lieutenant Mayne; Ralph Johnson, Esq.; Captain T. Smith, R.N.; Charles Beloe, gentleman; William Hatre, gentleman; Hameys Radcliffe, gentleman; Robert Blore, statuary; Mark Tamigay, no business; Captain Henry Evans; Thomas Dickenson, R. N.; Jeremiah Easter, gentleman; James Cripps, gentleman; Paul Howes, no profession; Nathaniel Evans, no profession; John Gabter, gentleman; Henry Oldfield, no profession; Ferdinand H. Furekel, no profession.

Stephen Lavender, the officer, stated, that when he entered the first floor of the house, he found all the prisoners in great confusion. A table was in the room, covered with green cloth: there were a quantity of cards, and some appeared to have been thrown into the fire.

George Ruthen said, he entered the house with Lavender, and found some baskets and paper, with N. R. at the top of columns, supposed to relate to the game of Rouge et Noir; some bank-notes, and a quantity of silver, and silver tokens, behind a bottle.

Richard Westbrook said, he saw several of the prisoners sitting at a table, and one of them, Nathaniel Evans or Ewen, threw some cards into the fire. He saw silver counters behind a bottle on the floor, and desired some of the gentlemen to take them up, lest it might be said any thing improper had been done with them. He produced some mahogany rakes which are supposed to be used in some games.

The Counsel for Mr. Oldfield, who was charged with keeping the house, contended that Mr. Adams, the informer, had failed in proving Oldfield the master or proprietor; and, therefore, that no penalty could attach to him. The Counsel for the persons who were found in the house contended that as no evidence had been called to prove what the game of Rouge et Noir was, or that any illegal game was carrying on there, or that any of the persons found there were engaged in any, they must be discharged, which was accordingly done for want of evidence.

On Tuesday, the 22d, another information came on before Mr. Birnie, at Bow-street, against Frederick Oldfield, for keeping a gambling-house, in Bury-street, St James's, where unlawful games were played.—Defendant did not appear to the summons served at the house, but Mr. Harmer, his Solicitor, attended, and stated, that indisposition prevented him, and produced certificates from Dr. Hooper and Mr. Brand.—Mr. Holloway conducted the information, and urged, that as it was not a criminal proceeding, but for the penalty under the Act, it was no more necessary for defendant to be present than in similar proceedings in the King's Bench.—Mr. Birnie admitted the certificates, and allowed the adjournment.

SINGLE STICK.

ON Wednesday, the 16th instant, a long-depending and most excellent match of Single-stick was played

played at Warminster, between eight men of Wiltshire and the same number of Somersetshire: it was decided in favour of the Wiltshire gamesters. The play was considered by the oldest amateurs present to be the finest and most scientific ever exhibited. The parties were well matched, and Flower and Stone played upwards of forty bouts. The Wiltshire tyers were Maslin, Flower, and Watts; those of Somersetshire, Stone, Edwards, James Bunn, and William Bunn; the three latter had their heads broken; and Stone, although a capital player, thinking it useless to contend against the three remaining Wiltshire men, resigned the contest.—*(See a more particular account of this match in our Sporting Intelligence.)*

SENTENCE OF THE COURT-MARTIAL ON COL. QUENTIN.

GENERAL ORDER.

Horse Guards, Nov. 10, 1814.

HIS Royal Highness the Commander in Chief has been pleased to direct, that the following copy of a letter, containing the opinion and sentence of a General Court Martial recently held for the trial of Colonel George Quentin, of the 10th, or Prince of Wales's Own Royal Regiment of Light Dragoons, and the Prince Regent's pleasure thereon, shall be entered in the General Order Books, and read at the head of every regiment of his Majesty's service.

By command of his Royal Highness, the Commander in Chief,

HARRY CALVERT, Adj.-Gen.

COPY.

Horse Guards, Nov. 8, 1814.

SIR,—I have laid before the Prince Regent the proceedings of a General Court Martial, held at Whitehall, on the 17th of October, 1814, and continued by adjournments to the 1st of November following, for the trial of Colonel George Quentin, of the 10th Royal Hussars, who was arraigned upon the following charges, viz.:

1. That on the 10th of January, 1814, the regiment being that day on duty, foraging in the valley of Macoy, in France, and the said Colonel Quentin, having the command of the regiment, did not make proper and timely arrangements to ensure the success of the regiment in its operations of foraging, although directed so to do by the Brigade Order of 9th January, 1814; but neglected and abandoned his duty as commanding officer, leaving some of the divisions without orders or support when attacked by the enemy, whereby some men and horses of the regiment were taken prisoners, and the safety of such divisions hazarded; such conduct on the part of the said Colonel Quentin evincing great professional incapacity, tending to lessen the confidence of the soldiers in the skill and courage of their officers, being unbecoming and disgraceful to his character as an officer, prejudicial to good order and military discipline, and contrary to the Articles of War.

2. That the said Col. Quentin having the command of the regiment the day after the battle of Orthies, viz. on the 28th of February, 1814, on the high road leading to St. Sever, in front of the village of Hagelman, department of Landes, in France, and the regiment being on that day engaged with the enemy, he, the said Col. Quentin, did not previously to, or during the time the regiment was so engaged, make such effectual attempts as he ought to have done, by

by his presence and by his own personal exertions and example, to co-operate with, or support the advanced divisions of the 10th Hussars, under his command, but neglected and abandoned his duty as commanding officer, and thereby hazarded the safety of those divisions, and the character and reputation of the regiment; such conduct, on the part of the said Colonel Quentin, tending to lessen the confidence of the soldiers in the skill and courage of their officers, being unbecoming his character as an officer, prejudicial to good order and military discipline, and contrary to the Articles of War.

3. That on the 10th day of April, 1814, during the battle of Toulouse, in France, the said Colonel Quentin having the command of the regiment, and the regiment being on that day in the presence of and attacked by the enemy, he, the said Colonel Quentin, did not, during such attack, make such effectual attempt as he ought to have done, by his presence and his own personal exertions, to co-operate with or support the advanced divisions of the regiment under his command; but neglected and abandoned his duty as commanding officer, leaving some of the divisions, when under fire of the enemy, without orders, and thereby unnecessarily hazarding the safety and reputation of those divisions, such conduct on the part of the said Colonel Quentin tending to lessen the confidence of the soldiers of the regiment in the skill and courage of their officers, being unbecoming and disgraceful to his character as an officer, prejudicial to good order and military discipline, and contrary to the Articles of War.

4. For general neglect of duty, by allowing a relaxed discipline to exist in the regiment under his command, when on foreign service; by which the reputation of the regiment suffered in the opinion of the commander of the forces, and of the lieutenant-general commanding the cavalry, their displeasure having been expressed or implied in a letter from the adjutant-general of the forces to Major-Gen. Lord Edward Somerset, commanding the Hussar Brigade, dated the 29th of March, 1814; and in the orders of the lieutenant-general commanding the cavalry, dated the 26th of February, 1814; such conduct on the part of the said Colonel Quentin being unbecoming his character as an officer, prejudicial to his Majesty's service, and subversive of all order and military regulation and discipline, and contrary to the Articles of War.

Upon which charges the court came to the following decision:

"The Court having maturely weighed and considered the evidence adduced on the part of the prosecution, as well as what has been offered in defence, are of opinion that Colonel Quentin is *Guilty* of so much of the first charge as imputes to him having neglected his duty as commanding officer on the 10th of January, by leaving some of the divisions without orders when attacked by the enemy, but acquit him of the remainder of the charge.

"With respect to the second charge, the court are of opinion that Colonel Quentin is *not Guilty.*

"With respect to the third charge, the Court are of opinion that Colonel Quentin is *not Guilty.*

"With respect to the fourth charge, the Court are of opinion, that a relaxed discipline, as set forth in that charge, did exist in the

the regiment under Colonel Quentin's command, whilst on foreign service, during the period alluded to in the letter and orders referred to in the charge, and as they cannot but consider the commanding officer of a regiment to be responsible for such relaxation of discipline, they therefore think themselves bound to find Colonel Quentin guilty to the extent of *allowing it to exist*; but as they consider the letter from the adjutant-general to the troops on the continent, of March 30, 1814, expressing the displeasure of the commander of the forces, as a reprimand to Colonel Quentin adequate to the degree of blame which attached to him, the Court do not feel themselves called upon to give any sentence upon this charge in the way of further punishment, and they consider that any thing unusual in this determination, will be explained by the singularity of the circumstances attending this charge, by which an officer is put upon his trial for conduct, which had before been the subject of animadversion by those under whose command he was then serving, but which at the time was not considered deserving of a more serious proceeding by the commander of the forces; nor does it appear to have been made the subject of any remonstrance or request for a more serious investigation on the part of the officers of the regiment.

"The Court having found the prisoner *Guilty* of so much of the first charge, as is above expressed, and so much of the fourth charge as is above recited, with the reasons which induce the Court to feel they are not called upon to affix any punishment to the last-mentioned charge, do only adjudge, with reference to the first charge, that Colonel Quentin be reprimanded in such manner as his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief shall be pleased to direct.

"The Court, however, cannot conclude these proceedings without expressing their regret, that there appears to have existed such a want of co-operation among the officers of the regiment, as to render the duties of the commanding officer much more arduous than they otherwise would have been."

I am to acquaint you, that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to approve and confirm the finding and sentence of the Court.

His Royal Highness has further been pleased to consider, that, when the officers of a corps prefer accusations affecting the honour and professional character of their Commander, nothing but the most conclusive proof of their charges before a Court-Martial, can justify a proceeding which must otherwise be so pregnant with mischief to the discipline of the army; and that a regard due to the subordination of the service must ever attach a severe responsibility to subordinate officers, who become the accusers of their superior! His Royal Highness therefore could not but regret, that the officers of the 10th Hussars should have been so unmindful of what they owe to the first principles of their profession, as to assume an opinion of their Commander's personal conduct, which neither their general experience of the service, nor their knowledge of the alledged facts (as appears from their own evidence) could sanction or justify, and which opinion would appear from the proceedings to have been utterly void of foundation, in every in-

instance of implied attack or insinuation upon that officer's courage and conduct before the enemy, as conveyed by the tenour of the second and third charges.

In allusion to the letter signed by the chief part of the officers, and in which the present proceedings originated, the Prince Regent has specially observed, that, exclusive of the doubt which may be entertained of their capability to form a judgment, so much beyond the scope of their experience in the service, it was worthy of remark, that some who have affixed their names to that paper, had never been with the regiment during the period in question, and others had never joined any military body beyond the depot of their corps, and it might thus be deduced, that although the officers have manifested, according to the appropriate remark of the Court-Martial, a want of co-operation in support of their Commander's authority, yet those who have assumed a personal observance of Colonel Quentin's conduct, and those who, *though absent*, appear to have acted under a mischievous influence by joining in an opinion to his prejudice, have all co-operated in a compact against their Commanding Officer, fraught with evils of the most injurious tendency to the discipline of the service; nor did it escape the notice of his Royal Highness, that this accusation has not been the momentary offspring of irritated feelings, but the deliberate issue of a long and extraordinary delay, for which no sufficient reasons, or explanation, have been assigned.

In this view of the case (which is not palliated by the very slight censure passed on Colonel Quentin upon the first charge), his Royal Highness has considered that a mark of his displeasure towards those officers is essential to the vital interests of the army; and that the nature of the combination against Colonel Quentin would call for the removal from the service those who have joined in it; but as his Royal Highness would willingly be guided by a lenient disposition towards a corps of officers who have hitherto merited his approbation, and would willingly believe that *inadvertency* in some, and *inexperience* in others, had left them unaware of the mischievous tendency of their conduct upon this occasion, his Royal Highness is averse to adopt such severe measures as the custom of the service, in support of its discipline, usually sanctions, upon the failure of charges against a Commanding Officer; still it is essential that conduct so injurious in its nature, should be held forth to the army as a warning in support of subordination, and his Royal Highness has therefore commanded that the officers who signed the letter of the 9th of August, shall no longer act together as a corps, but that they shall be distributed by exchange throughout the different regiments of cavalry in the service, where, it is trusted, that they will learn and confine themselves to their subordinate duties, until their services and experience shall sanction their being placed in ranks and situations, where they may be allowed to judge of the general and higher duties of the profession.

The Prince Regent has been further pleased to observe, that though Colonel Palmer did not sign the letter of the 9th of August, he is, nevertheless, by his declared sentiments on the prosecution, and his general concurrence in the opi-

BITTERN & SPANIEL.

opinion of the officers, to be considered in the same light as if he had put his name to that paper, and his Royal Highness has therefore commanded that he shall also be removed to another corps. I am, &c. (Signed) FREDERICK, Commander in Chief.

To the Adjutant-General, &c. &c. &c.

BITTERN AND SPANIEL.

THE plate here given is by that celebrated artist, Mr. Howitt, whose productions have so often embellished our work; it is done in his usual free style, and we presume to think, will not lower his reputation in the judgment of the readers of the *Sporting Magazine.*

HORSES SOLD.

THE following horses, &c. were sold by auction by Mr. James Hamer, at the Turf Coffee-House, Newton, on Monday, the 24th of October.

1. A Bay Colt, 2 yrs old, by Rolla, out of Moggy, by Whipcord.—Sold to Mr. Cawkwell, 15gs.

2. Coquette, 4 years old, by Mr. Teazle; dam by Volunteer, out of Storace, by Tandem.—Mr. Gasskill, 40gs.

3. A Bay Colt, 3 years old, by Windle, out of a half bred mare.—Mr. Lawrinson, 33gs.

4. A Grey Colt, 2 years old, by Woodcutter, out of the dam of Lot 3.—Mr. Lawrinson, 37gs.

5. A Bay yearling Colt, one year old, by Bullcalf, out of the dam of Lot 3.—Mr. Woodward, 19gs.

6. A Grey Colt Foal, by Mr. Teazle, out of the dam of Lot 3. —Sir Richard Brooke, 17gs.

HUNTERS, &c.

7. Luddite, a brown gelding, 7 years old, by Thereabouts.—Taylor Webster, Esq. 135gs.

8. Moreau, a chesnut gelding, 8 years old, by Noble.—Thomas Blackburne, Esq. 180gs.

9. Autolicus, a chesnut gelding, 8 years old, by Young Joe Andrews. —Capt. Dancer, 23d Light Dragoons, 95gs.

10. York, a bay gelding, 5 yrs old, by Chance.—Mr. Rostern, 60gs.

11. Æther, a bay gelding, 5 yrs old, by Marplot.—Mr. Blackburne, 130gs.

12. A Bay Gelding, 5 yrs old, steady in harness.—Sir Richard Brooke, 55gs.

13. A Bay Gelding, 4 yrs old, by Grazier.—Mr. Ashton, 52gs.

14. A Brown Hack Mare.—Mr. Blackburne, 12gs.

A HORSE A PRISONER IN THE INQUISITION.

Caligula would have made his horse a consul.
The Inquisition would once have made a horse a conjuror.

MR. Granger having mentioned a wonderful juggler of the 17th century, who "declined going to Spain for fear of the Inquisition," adds, "It is certain, that in my remembrance a horse which had been taught to tell the spots upon cards, the hour of the day, &c. by significant tokens, was, together with his owner, put into the Inquisition, as if they had both dealt with the devil; but the supposed human criminal soon convinced the Inquisitors that he was an honest juggler, and that his horse was as innocent as any beast in Spain."

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

TWO females who had married aged husbands having some difference, one of them, thinking to annoy the other, told her, to be sure she had married very prudently, having a *Husband* and *Father* in one person!—" Yes, my dear," replied the other, " but you have the advantage of me, having *Husband and Child* in yours."

DRAMATIC COMPLIMENT.—At a Theatre, in a country town, on a late representation of " *The Miller and his Men*," the Manager contrived not to make the Miller a thief, out of compliment to the Mayor, who was a miller himself.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—An ancestor of the Rutland family, who had been raised to the Peerage, meeting the celebrated Sir Thomas More, soon after his elevation to the woolsack, and thinking he had not treated him with sufficient respect, said, " I see, Sir Thomas, Honores mutant *Mores*."—" Yes, my Lord," replied the wit, " honours change *Manners* indeed."

A GENTLEMAN courting a very amiable lady, was reminded by a female rival, that she had a bad set of teeth.—" No matter," said the lover, " I'll marry her *in spite of her teeth*."

IT has been truly said, that you never see a *Frenchman* to more advantage, or an *Englishman* to less, than on a holiday. The one is all gaiety and good humour—the other is drunken and riotous. We trust this observation on our national character will be removed by improving and progressive times.

WELCH EPITAPHS.

This spot is the sweetest I've seen all my life,
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife.

ON A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

I care not what flowers rise over on the elf,
Provided the drunkard will not rise himself.

ON A BAKER—BY HIS WIFE.

With balm I have scattered the spot where he lies,
But I hope to the Lord it won't make his crust rise;
I'll *flower* his grave, but I'll not do as he did,
For I beg to assure him his *dough* is not *needed*.

DISPOSABLE EPITAPH.

Here lies my dear wife, a sad slattern and shrew,
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too.

EPITAPH,

On Robert Terry, who met his death from a spring gun, whilst robbing a garden.

Here lies a wag, once gay and merry,
The prince of midnight rogues, BOB TERRY,
He scorned to take his tithes in *kind*,
For Parsons he left none behind.

True son of EVE, in garden placed,
Like her, forbidden fruit to taste,
And like his old primeval sire,
Expelled the garden wall by fire.

O ye! who spring at midnight game,
Beware the spring gun's fatal aim;
Turn to a trade of honest dealing,
For woeful are the fruits of stealing,
And learn from Robert's hapless story,
To keep from others—*Terri-Tory*.

THE Under-Graduates of one of

our

our Universities have divided their fellow-students on their respective examinations into the three following classes, which seem very appropriately to take in all classes of mankind:

They could and they would—
They could if they would—
And
They would if they could—but they cannot.

Genuine Specimen of Orthography.—*Sir*, I ham sorry that I should Recive Such a Redickles Letter from you as to say that i Reckceymended the hounds to you for sound ons i never sed no such word i tould you if you Lict to take them as they wear you might or leave them which you pleased and i ham sorry that you had them at hall for i could have had 3 Guines a Cuple the next Day never a huntsman in ingland would have took the hounds out to have shoud them bee sids my self pray dont think of Cuming to me for no more hounds with hout you was a het judg in picking them i Shall Exspet to Recive the money Retorn of post in full Seven pound fifteen shillings or Els i will Send to Your Master

7l. 15s. Remaining from yours

Some years ago, one of the sons of Mr. G. a famous Jew, was on the point of being married to a Christian; on which the father, who had no objection to the religion of the lady, but to the smallness of her fortune, expostulated with his son, and told him, that "he might have a lady with more money;" but the young gentleman, vindicating his choice, replied, "that whether he would consent or not, he would marry her, and if he refused to give such a portion, he would turn Christian, claim the benefit of an English law, and obtain half he possessed."—At this answer Mr. G. was greatly confounded, and, consulting Counsel, the Counsellor replied, "there was such a law, and that his son turning Christian, would obtain half his estate; but, if you'll make me a present of ten guineas," added he, "I will put you in a way to disappoint him."—At this news, G.'s hopes revived, and, pulling ten guineas out of his pocket, instantly clapped them into the lawyer's hand, expressing his impatience to know how he was to proceed. The Counsellor returned, with a smile, "You have nothing to do, Mr. G., but to turn Christian yourself!"

Misapplication of Terms.—The husband of a poor woman in the country being supposed near his end, and in great agony, his honest and unsuspecting half wished him fairly out of pain, and safe in *Beelzebub's* bosom; whereupon, being checked by a neighbour somewhat better acquainted with the bible, who told her she ought to have wished him in Abraham's bosom, she answered—"'Tis all one—they are both Scripture names."

FEIGNED COURAGE.

Horatio, of ideal courage vain,
Was flourishing in air his father's cane,
And as the fumes of valour swell'd his pate,
Now thought himself *this* hero, and now *that*;
"And now," he cried, "I will Achilles be,
My sword I brandish; see the Trojans flee.
Now I'll be Hector, when his angry blade
A lane through heaps of slaughter'd Grecians made!
And now, by deeds still braver I'll evince,
I am no less than Edward the Black Prince—
Give way, ye coward French:" As thus he spoke,

And

And aim'd in fancy a sufficient stroke,
To fix the fate of Cressy, or Poictiers,
(The Muse relates the hero's fate with tears),
He struck his milk-white hand against a nail,
Sees his own blood, and feels his courage fail.
Ah, where is now that boasted valour flown,
That in the tented field so late was shown!
Achilles weeps, great Hector hangs his head,
And the Black Prince goes whimpering to bed!

Receipt for a Fashionable Rout.—Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can get, place them in a room with a slow fire, stir them well, have ready a piano-forte, a harp, a handful of books or prints, put them in from time to time; when the mixture begins to settle, sweeten with politesse or wit (if you have it), if not flattery will do as well, and is very cheap. When all have stewed together for two or three hours, put in one or two turkeys, some tongues, sliced beef or ham, tarts, cakes, and sweetmeats, and some bottles of wine, the more you put the better, and the more substantial your rout will be.—N. B. Fill your room quite full, and let the scum run off of itself.

An Irish Thief-taker.—Between seven and eight o'clock on Sunday evening, the 20th instant, the house of an Irishman named Smith, in Bowling-green-lane, Cow Cross, was broke open during the absence of the family, and robbed of property to the amount of between sixty and seventy pounds. A young woman residing at the opposite door saw a man come out of Smith's house, about eight o'clock, with a large bundle, and on hearing of the robbery, she described the person so minutely that Smith went to Hatton Garden Police Office, where he described the man to Brown, Cook, and Thistleton, and they immediately suspected who the thief was. Knowing the different places he frequented, they were on the look-out for him. In the mean time, however, Smith, on passing the window of the Turk's Head public house, in Cow Cross, saw the suspected thief through the window, sitting in the tap-room: and to make sure of the matter, he went to the young woman who had seen the man come out of his house with his bundle, and brought her to the window, when she said she could swear positively to him. Smith then very cunningly went in, and thus addressed the man;—"You thief, you robber, you have broke into my house and robbed me—I will have you hanged—I am now going for the police officers to take you up—take care and wait there till I come back."—It is needless to add, that on his coming back with the officers, the bird was flown.—This is literally true.

A *taylor*, residing near Fleet-street, and who professes to make gentlemen's clothes in a style of superior neatness and elegance, has on his invitation board, over his shop window, in large letters, the unappropriate name of Rum-fit.

The wits have already been nibbling at the new lovely actress, Miss O'Neill. A question being put by one of them, "Who is the most beautiful woman, and how would you address her?"—Another answered, "*Oh kneel by all means.*"

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

WE understand that Walton will cover the ensuing season near York, at 12gs. a mare; he is likely to become the most favourite stallion of the present day. He is the sire of the first favourite for the Derby. The Duke of Grafton has now a colt foaled this year, which he has refused 400gs. for, and Mr. Thornhill has also refused 300gs. for another, which was foaled this year. He is sire of the following celebrated horses:—Rainbow, the Walton filly, Vandyke Junior, Phantom, the winner of the Derby, Nimrod, Partisan, the best three-year-old now in England, and Vestal, with a number of others, great winners.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived on the 30th ult. at Cheveley, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Rutland, on a shooting excursion, and the next day honoured the course at Newmarket with his presence.

A CIRCUMSTANCE occurred a few days since, near Shrewsbury, which, even in a nation of heroes, must be deemed as novel as it was interesting. Sir John Hill was seen partaking of that noble sport fox-hunting with six of his sons, four of whom, besides the distinguished chief who recently added dignity to the Peerage, have received titles for gallant achievements in the service of their country.

Mr. Watt has purchased Manuella (sister to Altisidora) by Dick Andrews, out of Mandane (Petuaria's dam), by Pot8o's, for a brood mare.

Mr. T. Robinson has sold Hector, Whitewall, and Timanthes, to J. Wardell, Esq. Hector was got by Hyacinthus, out of Fanny, by Weasel; Whitewall, by Camillus, dam by Sir Peter, out of Fanny; and Timanthes, by Camillus, out of a sister to Fanny.—Mr. Wardell has also purchased Mr. Hornby's Surveyor, by Paynator, dam by Tartar, Fitzherod, &c.

Lord G. H. Cavendish has purchased Bourbon, by Sorcerer, of General Gower, for 1400gs.

Sir W. Maxwell has sold Lobo, by Eagle, out of Certhia (sister to Treecreeper), by Woodpecker, to D. Blake, Esq.

Peter Hammond and J. Dawson Lambton, Esqrs. are appointed Stewards for Northallerton Races, 1815.

The distemper was never known to be so prevalent as it has been this year in the Racing Stables, particularly at Newmarket.

Mr. Buckle, the celebrated Jockey, who is not more admired for his great skill as a rider, than the strict integrity which has ever marked his conduct, has been engaged in riding in nearly all the matches and sweepstakes that have been run at the late meetings.—We have a slight sketch of Mr. Buckle's portrait, in progress for a future Number.

It was stated in the newspapers, that Lord Henry Fitzroy had won 6000gs. on Partisan; his Lordship was certainly the winner of 1200gs. but not of the former sum.

The trade of exporting mares to Russia is again opened, and a number of these animals have been shipped off from Hull, in Yorkshire, for Petersburgh. This renewed commerce promises to be very useful both to England and Russia, as the one will get a good breed of horses, and the other will have a sale for the stock which had ceased to be wanted for our cavalry.

Worcester November Races, established this year for the first time, attracted a numerous show of company, and altogether produced no inconsiderable sport. The horses were rode by gentlemen, and the heats were well contested. Among the group of distinguished persons who visited the course, were perceived the Earl of Coventry, Lord Viscount Deerhurst, Lord Foley, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Southwell, Hon. J. Coventry, Hon. Mr. Lygon, Sir Thomas Winnington, E. L. Charlton, Esq. A. Lechmere, Esq. &c. &c. Lord Foley presided at the ordinary, held at the Star and Garter Inn, which was numerously attended, and at which the members of the Foley Hunt Club also appeared. The dinner was of the best description, and most excellently served; and the affability and politeness of the noble President excited high gratification.

Warwick Races, which took place on Tuesday the 1st instant, boasted a greater attendance than is generally manifested at the November Meetings. The company was highly respectable, comprising most of the nobility and gentry in the county. The weather was very favourable, the course in excellent condition, and the sport, on the whole, considered very good. Lord Middleton and a large party of sporting friends partook of an excellent dinner at the Warwick Arms, at which his Lordship was pleased to express his intention of giving at the ensuing season, his usual plate of fifty guineas. A subscription list was also handed round the table, for a sweepstakes of five guineas each, for all ages, when seventeen gentlemen present immediately subscribed their names.

The Sweepstakes of five guineas each, sixteen subscribers, two miles, was won, at three heats, by Mr. Bawcutt's b. g. Whitefeet, beating Mr. R. Tomes's c. m. Rushlight, Mr. H. Robbins's r. m. by Admiral, Mr. Gibbs's b. g. Jack Thompson, Mr. Cummings's b. g. by Clothier, Mr. Chambers's b. m. Wanton, and Mr. Bradley's br. g. Rally.—The match for one hundred guineas, two miles, 12st. between Mr. H. Robbins's br. h. Honington, and Mr. Stubb's br. m. Gipsey, was won by the former.—Lord Middleton's plate of fifty guineas, two miles, 12st. was won at two heats by Mr. J. Bissell's br. g. Prince Blucher, beating Mr. Marshall's b. m. Misletoe, Mr. G. Bradley's b. g. Addingham, Mr. F. Robbins's b. g. by Beningbrough, Mr. S. Lucas's ch. g. by Oak, Mr. W. Cattel's b. m. by Clothier, and Mr. Sedgley's b. h. Ploughboy.

Chepstow Hunt was well attended this season. On the first day, the hounds threw off near the town, accompanied by a numerous field; and, after a fine morning's sport, the company dined together

gether at the Beaufort Arms Inn, where they spent a highly convivial evening. On the second day, after again enjoying the pleasures of the chase, a large party sat down to an elegant dinner at the same hotel; and in the evening a splendid ball and supper were given to the ladies, at which Colonel Lewis, the Comptroller of the Hunt, presided.

On Tuesday, the 1st instant, was run for, on Abbotstone Down, the Hampshire Hunt Cup, which was won by Mr. Kersley's grey horse, after a good contested race, beating five others. The weather being fine, the greatest number of people that was ever known assembled to witness the sport on the Down. After the race, about two hundred of the gentlemen and farmers sat down to a most excellent dinner, served up with great taste by Mr. Perkins, at the Swan Inn, Alresford, consisting of all the luxuries of the season. After dinner, many loyal and appropriate toasts were given by the Chairman, and songs sung by the company, which were received with loud cheering and unanimous shouts of applause. Nothing could be more convivial than this meeting, and the company broke up at a late hour in the most perfect harmony and good humour.

On Tuesday, the 22d instant, there was some excellent coursing in Windsor Park, the hares being very numerous. Princess Augusta, attended by Sir Brent Spencer, General Taylor, and Mr. Disbrow, enjoyed the day's sport, which they were enabled to do to great advantage, the day being remarkably fine.

On Friday, the 18th instant, a deer was turned out before the King's stag-hounds, upon which occasion there was a numerous field of gentlemen sportsmen who had considerable sport, the day being remarkably fine. At setting off the deer went with great swiftness across the new inclosures towards Hounslow Heath, and crossed the Bath-road, near Butcher's-grove, by Arlington, towards Uxbridge, taking to the right towards Harefield, where he was taken after an excellent chace.

On Monday, the 21st instant, the royal hunt was attended by a very large field of sportsmen. The deer was started from East Burnham, and gained a considerable distance on the hounds, before they got scent. He took to the right of Beaconsfield, where he shewed excellent sport, and through Bulstrode Park, crossing the Uxbridge road, towards Fullmer Heath, where he was at length taken, after a run of three hours. A serious accident happened at the commencement of the hunt—a gentleman of the name of Shaw, being too eager in leaping a high hedge, where there was a deep ditch on the opposite side, his horse fell, with Mr. Shaw unfortunately under him. Assistance was promptly given him, and an express sent off to Windsor for medical advice. He was conveyed in a chaise, very much bruised, to his residence near Hatchett-lane, but he is since greatly recovered.

On Saturday, the 19th, Mr. Walker's harriers, (late his Majesty's) met at Beading Town End, Sussex, and had one of the sharpest and best runs ever remembered by the oldest sportsman in the neighbourhood.

bourhood. They bad not long tried, when a man at some distance hallooed them to a spot in a wheat stubble, which they trotted off to, believing that he had found a hare; the hounds immediately owned the scent, and went away at a bursting rate across a strong country for about three quarters of an hour with little or no check; the pace they went, and the strong fences they had to get over, now began to distribute and cast off the sportsmen, and left but few that could really enjoy the pleasure of seeing even the tail hounds; and before the hour had expired, there were but four or five that could at all live near them —They now had a view at some distance a head, and it was plainly seen, that instead of a hare, they were running a fox!—An hour and fifteen minutes passed without a positive check, but this was very short; a good scent, and the determined courage of the pack, gave little time to the jaded horses to recover; —he was hit off again, and from being so closely pressed, he was baffled from his favourite point, a great earth at Ellingham: it was in vain to endeavour to stop the hounds, having got so completely settled, and they wanted no hunting, therefore all the difficulty was in keeping near them;—he was headed, and seemed to make back to the country he was found in. This, after a ring of about eighteen miles, he reached. Near to Beading is a chalk pit of considerable depth, at least forty feet; Reynard had here a hole some little way down from the top of the pit—the edge of the pit was quite hid on the side the hounds, &c. were running to; the scent being so good, it was not easy to stop so sudden as they else might, when unfortunate to relate, several of the hounds were precipitated to the bottom; a few less eager, did not share their fate, but drove the fox from his temporary hiding place back into the open field, and ran into him in the most gallant style imaginable; perhaps no pack of fox-hounds ever ran a chace with more zest and quickness, nor killed with more determined courage. Of the hounds that were thrown to the bottom, one was dashed to atoms, one had his leg broken, and many were dreadfully bruised. But the accident was near proving more distressing, for towards the close of the chase a young man joined them, and from the freshness of his horse, was enabled to ride nearer to the hounds just at that time than could the rest. His eagerness made the blindness of the pit more obscure, and before he was aware of his danger, his horse's fore feet were literally over the edge, but the animal feeling its situation, by an extraordinary effort, wheeled round as it were, and fell on its side close to the brow, and the man disengaged himself as quick as possible; but it was a considerable time before either man or horse could recover the fright.—To describe the numerous beauties of this chase, and the track of country that it occupied, would exceed our limits. Suffice it to say, for its beauties, that with the few that were in at the death, it will form a lasting impression on their minds as a criterion of excellence; and for its difficulties, that out of a numerous field in the morning, but three, beside Mr. Walker, were in at the death. The chase lasted one hour and fifty-five minutes.

Fox-Hunting.—The Warwickshire Subscription Hounds have com-

commenced the season with unusual good sport. The four days they hunted the Shiffnal country they had one satisfactory woodland day; the other three days three good runs, out of cover.—Thursday, the 27th ult. commenced for the season at home; had a fair day's sport, and killed a brace of foxes. Saturday, the 29th, they were unfortunate in not finding. Tuesday, the 1st of November, in Leicestershire, they had one of the finest runs that possibly could be in any country; they found a gallant old fox in Sutton Ambean Wood. He instantly broke cover, and the hounds close at him; they ran him one hour and five minutes without a check, the very best pace, without touching a cover or gorse, over Leicestershire, and killed him, two fields from Martin Straw-wood. The distance from point to point (from Ambean Wood to Thornton) is only ten miles, but the ground he ran over is computed at sixteen. The hounds carried a good head, and killed their fox without any assistance; nor had they one halloo during the chace. The pack has only been established one year, this being the second season.

The Brighton fox-hounds had a famous run on Thursday, the 27th ult. They found at Beeding Wood, a few miles from that town, and killed, after a sharp run of an hour and twenty minutes. Although above forty were mounted at starting, not above seven came in at the death; among them were Captains Bridges and Carrington, and E. Bramah, Esq.

Trotting Match.—A celebrated black galloway, the property of Mr. Stevens, of Oxford-street, London, was backed to trot four miles in fourteen minutes, for a wager of one hundred guineas. The galloway performed on Wednesday, the 16th inst. on the Woodford road, rode by a youth fourteen years of age, and won the match cleverly in one minute within the given time.

The following are some further particulars of the Match of Single-stick at Warminster, Wilts, which is shortly noticed in page 80, of the present Number; communicated by a correspondent:—

"The match was between eight men of Wiltshire, and the same number of Somersetshire, for fifty guineas a-side. They were matched as follows:—

Wiltshire.		*Somersetshire.*	
Walter Long,		Edwards,	won.
Hambleton,		James Bunn,	won.
Blackford,*		Richard Kearsley,*	
Robert Lyne,		Simon Stone,	won.
Maslin,	won.	James Hoggs,	
Watts,	won.	Tanner,	
Flower,	won.	Geo. Kearsley,	
Ellis,		Wm. Bunn,	won.
	Tyers.		
Maslin,	won.	Edwards,	
Watts,	won.	James Bunn,	
Flower,		Simon Stone.	
Maslin,	won.	Wm. Bunn.	

"Flower and Stone played upwards of forty bouts, without breaking a head on either side, and Stone having *two* other men to contend with, gave up the contest.

"It was allowed by all who saw it, to be the finest play ever seen, and it was supposed upwards of five thousand persons witnessed this grand trial of skill and manhood between the two counties.

"N. B. Maslin is a capital player, and if we can judge from the set-to between him and William Bunn (who is esteemed the best player in Somersetshire), he is

* Blackford and R. Kearsley both broken at the same time.

equal,

equal, if not superior, to any man in the kingdom. Betting at setting-to, 5 and 6 to 4 on Somersetshire, and after the three first pair had played, 5 to 1.

"AN AMATEUR."

EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE.—A short time since, Mr. J. Peck, son of Mr. Peck, of Bachpool, near Chester, killed nineteen snipes at twenty shots in the neighbourhood of Wallasey. Wagers to the amount of 1,500l. were depending on the performance; but Mr. Peck was not at all interested in them. The bets were 10 to 1 that eighteen birds out of twenty were not brought down. Mr. Peck has received a present from the winning party, of an elegant gold watch, and its appendages, as a memorial of his extraordinary performance. The same young gentleman, a short time since, killed 17 birds, at seventeen successive shots.

THE following extraordinary quantity of game was killed at Gipping, Suffolk, on Monday and Tuesday, the 21st and 22d instant:—169 pheasants, and 123 hares.—The shooting party consisted of the following gentlemen:—General Walpole, Colonel Upton, Sir George Wombwell, Sir John Shelley, Mr. Thornhill, and Mr. Rust.

THE Countess of Derby has become one of the most dashing female riders in the kingdom; her Ladyship, accompanied by her two sons, is frequently out with the Earl's stag hounds, and takes leaps with the greatest promptitude and coolness, at which some of the gentlemen of the hunt pause.

COCKING.—The great match of seven mains, of three each, for one hundred guineas a main, and two guineas the odd main, betwixt breeds from the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge, against all England, took place at Winchmore, on Monday, the 8th. The counties won thirteen battles and five mains. It was one of the greatest matches, and excited more sporting interest, than any during the year.

A main of seven battles was fought on Wednesday, the 16th instant, in Cheshunt Pits, Surrey, between birds from Sussex and Hants, for twenty guineas, and 50 the odd battle, which was decided in favour of Sussex, winning four battles, although Hants produced the finest birds.

PEDESTRIANISM.—A groom to Major Marr, of the name of Canning, completed a journey of sixty miles a day for four days, on Saturday, the 26th instant, for a wager of 100 guineas. He started at the Marsh Gate, Lambeth, at an early hour on Wednesday morning, and halted on Saturday, at Warminster, Wilts, after a circuitous route through Sussex and Hants.

PUGILISM.—The well-known Dutch Sam is again brought forth in the field of combat: he is to fight Knowlsworthy, a promising, scientific, powerful young man, on the 8th of December, for a stake of one hundred guineas, and a purse of twenty-five. It is now some years since Dutch Sam beat the scientific Belcher, on Crawley Common, after two other successful combats with him. He is about forty-one years old, and his weight in his best day was not more than 9st. 4lb. Betting is 3 to 1 on Sam on the forthcoming match.

match.—Lancaster and Eales, it is understood, will also contend in the same ring after Dutch Sam and Knowlsworthy. Even betting.

The pugilists do not find London so profitable a scene to them as *vagabondizing* through the country towns, where they find, amongst the country bumpkins, a large audience who have never seen their performances, and who are ready to pay for receiving black eyes and bloody noses. When the professors are at their last shift, they challenge each to combats never meant to be fought, and then abuse each other in the papers of the county.

SPORTING OBITUARY.——Mr. Clark, of Broughton, in Cumberland, met his death in a dreadful manner, a few days since. He accidentally fell in with a party of gentlemen in chase of a stag, and soon came up with the animal, who seemed so worn out that Mr. Clark was about to seize him, but it made a fatal spring, and pierced him with its horns about the groin. When the gentlemen came up Mr. Clark was a lifeless corpse, and it was with difficulty, after the stag was secured, that his antlers were disengaged from the man's body.

On the 27th ult. died at Paris, where he went for the recovery of his health, Henry Vernon, of Wentworth Castle, Yorkshire, Esq. Mr. Vernon first appeared upon the turf in 1771, where he had in training that successful racer Minister, by Mr. Warren's Camillus; he afterwards was owner of Jack of Hilton, by Marsk, and several others. In the year 1783, he retired; in 1800, he ran an unsuccessful filly, by Cœur de Lion, but in 1813, he again appeared, and had in training Hocuspocus, by Quiz; Salamanca, by Sancho, &c. In 1814, he had in training a ches. colt, by Dick Andrews; a bay filly, by Stamford; a bay colt, by Newcastle, Salamanca, &c.—He also was engaged in several stakes for 1815, 1816, &c.

That celebrated equestrian, Astley, sen. of the Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, died at Paris, on Thursday, the 20th ult. He was in the 75th year of his age.—He was in early life a private of dragoons, but by talents and enterprize he gradually acquired considerable property, erected several theatres in this country, Ireland, and France, and a few years ago resigned all his public concerns to his son, to whom, and to his family, he has no doubt left a valuable inheritance.

Emerick Preny, an Hungarian Nobleman, who was travelling on the 31st of August near Debreczin, alighted from his carriage to shoot some ducks, directing his servants to proceed. The report roused eight or ten shepherd's dogs, that were tending numerous flocks in those extensive uncultivated plains, who tore him in pieces before assistance could arrive.

Among the great men, who have been beaten by Death lately, are Tring, a formidable bruiser of the old school, and the noted Ikey Pig, celebrated for his *elegance* in sparring, and his *docility* in fighting.

On Sunday, the 6th instant, a Mackaw, a beautiful bird, belonging to Mr. Sergeant, of the Hastings Arms Inn, in Lewes, died at the extraordinary age of 122 years, which it attained in September last.—This long-lived bird was formerly the property of the late Lady De Crespigny, who had it in her possession 49 years and ten months. Sir Claude De Crespigny, her

her husband, had the bird of his father, who kept it 70 years. On the death of Lady D. C. on the 20th of July, 1812, it was left to Mrs. Wood, of John's-street, Oxford-road, London, who gave it to Mr. Sergeant. The bird is now in London to be preserved, after which it will be returned to the above inn, there to remain for the inspection of the curious.

A LETTER from Vienna, of the 27th of October, says—" At the last little hunting party in the Prater, a young doe, when on the point of receiving the mortal wound, ran swiftly away, and by a fortunate instinct, sought refuge at the feet of the Emperor Alexander. That Prince, with some emotion, took off his hat-band, and having fastened it round the trembling doe, led her to the Emperor of Austria, and begged her life. It may be easily conceived that he had no great difficulty in obtaining this favour."

A MOST melancholy accident took place on Thursday, the 17th, at Lazonby, near Penrith. Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart. and his brother, attended by the gamekeeper, John Armstrong, were shooting at Lazonby, when the gamekeeper happening to see a person concealing a gun among some bushes, examined the man whether the gun was loaded or not; but receiving no answer to his question, Armstrong hastily took the gun from among the bushes, when the piece exploded, and its contents passed through Armstrong's body, who died in twenty-four hours after the accident, notwithstanding the best medical aid was called in to his assistance.

ON Tuesday, the 2d inst. was committed to Fisherton gaol, Wilts, John Loder, of Broad Chalke, charged, on the complaint of Mr. King, of Alvediston, with mixing certain ingredients amongst the food given to his horses, with intention to injure a valuable team which was entrusted to his care.

THE Hackney Coach Commissioners have very laudably issued the following notice:—" If any hackney coach owner shall employ a person to drive his coach after he has been convicted of wanton cruelty to his horses, he will be considered as countenancing such cruelty, and will have his licence taken from him."

A VERY superb ring-tailed eagle was shot on Wednesday, the 23d instant, on the estate of John Delme, Esq. at Fareham, Hants, which measures three feet from the beak to the tail, and in breadth, from wing to wing, about eight feet.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—A few days ago, as a gentleman was angling with the maiden slob for trout, in a small stream which runs down Commondale, near Ayton Magna, in the neighbourhood of Guisborough, an adder, lurking in the stream, took the bait while floating down, gorged it, and was actually caught by the hook. This singular circumstance is a proof that those species inhabit and occasionally feed on the water.

D

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. T.'s deaths of old Sportsmen, want the essential requisite of *dates* to recommend them, without which little belief or interest is attached to these statements.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

DASH.—A TALE.

From a new and popular work, called "CANTING."

(Concluded from page 47.)

POOR Dash, whose heart grew more and more dismay'd,
Re-climb'd the shelving rock in search of aid;
He hasten'd homeward o'er the fields, and now
Saw Farmer TILLAGE, with his team at plough;
Dash towards him ran, and bark'd—look'd back—and whined—
But Tillage noted not what thus was sign'd!
Dash, paw'd—droop'd—moan'd—did every thing but speak,
Tokens, howe'er expressive, here too weak!
Nay, DICK, who drove the plough, a wicked lad,
Whipp'd him away, and said "the dog is mad!"
A senseless cry, which, like vile Slander's breath,
Oft taints a character, or wings a death!
But now it only spoke a vacant thought
As, why Dash came there—what it was he sought?
Both knew him, Woodley's dog, yet neither guess'd
Or seemed to mark what he by signs express'd!
Minds more susceptible, of keener sense,
Had pain or peril, sure, have augured thence;
But heedless they;—Dick's eye, tho', quickly traced
Each turn Dash made, as round the field he paced:
For Dick, whom nought but selfishness could warm,
View'd Dash with spite, and meditated harm!
Just at the headland—Dash his nose was good,
Passing the hedge, he caught the scent of food;
And further on soon found, beneath some trees,
A ploughman's wallet—cake and skim-milk cheese:
'Twas what the rustics brought, as 'tis their way,
To take refreshing lunch about mid-day!
Poor Dash was hungry—what should hunger do?
It told him, master might be hungry too!
It never whisper'd sense of harm or theft;
The wallet seem'd as for this purpose left!
Had it been gold, untouch'd it would have lain;
But food, Dash aptly thought, to Woodley ta'en,
Might somewhat tend to mitigate his pain:
And till his master's wants were first supplied,
Dash, tho' by hunger press'd, to eat denied;
So off he bore the prize without a taste,
And towards the quarry back began to haste.
The ploughman's lad, who every body knows,
Not only drives the plough, but scares the crows,
On seeing Dash off with the wallet run,
A level took, and fired his fatal gun!
Ah, cruel promptness! boyhood pride! and shame!
Ah, thoughtless deed! and yet too certain aim!

Dash,

Dash, crying, limp'd, but safe the prize he took,
And, shunning his pursuer, cross'd a brook!
Dick bawl'd and swore, but rage he found was vain,
Yet laugh'd to think he had inflicted pain!

This, Tillage witness'd, but ne'er chid the boy,
For rustic worth too oft admits alloy;
An aptitude that's prodigal of ill,
And, feeling absent, leaves uncheck'd the will!
Yet Tillage was not cruel:—he'd a soul
Subject to Nature's kindest, best controul!
He felt, and warmly, every kindred tie,
Would soothe the widow's grief, the orphan's cry,
And sought to wipe the tear from misery's eye.
He yet, too oft, impell'd by custom's force,
Could witness cruelties, nor feel remorse!

But now to Woodley we'll return in thought
Where cold he lay, as yet no succour brought!
Dash reach'd the quarry, breathless and in pain,
Obliged to crawl, ere he its edge could gain;
Soon as perceived, he let the wallet drop,
Which Woodley caught—poor Dash lay faint at top!
Woodley observing, heeded not the food;
He saw Dash gasping—thought he saw some blood!

What grief then filled his heart!—here pause, and think!
He saw his faithful dog exhausted sink!
Exhausted by a fond, an eager strife,
An ardent zeal to save his master's life!
Alas, that master finds each effort vain,
And all these kind endeavours end in pain!
Guage, the exciseman, coming by this way,
(His walk, as we have said, at early day)
Saw honest Dash—the dog he long had known;
And saw poor Woodley—just as we have shown.
Some cords at hand he found, and threw in haste,
Which Woodley quickly fasten'd round his waist;
Guage drew him up:—by care and skill applied,
Woodley was saved, and placed by Dash's side;—
Dash heard his master's voice, then op'd his eyes,
And strove—(but ah, he was too weak)—to rise!
The gun's dire charge a vital part had found,
And life's warm stream ran copious on the ground:
They gently turn'd the faithful creature o'er,
But Dash had dropt—alas, to rise no more!
He yet their kindness well could understand,
And with affection lick'd his master's hand!
Re-ope'd his sunken eye that token'd death,
Strain'd by each short convulsive gasp for breath;
E'en while in agony his heart was rent
He on his master seem'd alone intent;
Towards *him* his last, sad, lingering, look was thrown—
A look—enough to pierce a heart of stone!—
" Ah, my poor fellow!"—Woodley said—and sigh'd—
Dash once more strove to lick his hand—and died!

A stone from this too fatal quarry torn,
To Dash's grave, near Woodley's cot, was borne;
On it inscribed

" POOR DASH!

" .... Man, make thine own
" That strict fidelity a dog hath shown!"

TO MY OLD SHOOTING SHOES,

On leaving them in Norfolk.

OLD Shoes, farewell! your days of toil are o'er,
And ye shall tramp thro' turnip-fields no more;
No more thro' crisping stubbles urge your way,
Or ranks of beans that rise in long array;
Nor, wet with all the freshness of the morn,
Bear me thro' hedges thick beset with thorn;

Nor

Nor creep along the marl-pit's slippery
brink,
While jaded pointers stop to rest and
drink;
Nor press the buck-wheat, or the yielding
clover;
No—all these toils for you, my friends,
are over.
In vain your soles with glittering nails
are bright;
For O! that chasm—I shudder at the
sight—
No nails can close it, and no cobler
mend;
Your substance, like my pleasure, has an
end.
Farewell! good friends, at peace for ever
rest,
And mingle with the dead *soles* of the
best
That ever B——m artists did create,
Linked in the same inevitable fate;
For ye, though London-made, alike must
fall—
One common ruin must o'erwhelm you
all.

Now, when obliged to quit my bor-
rowed gun,
My week of shooting, ah! too quickly
run,
It grieves me sore to leave ye both be-
hind,
To coal-hole and oblivious dust con-
signed;
But though I fain would take ye back to
town,
Mementos of my sportsmanlike renown,
Yet all the sweet remembrance you could
give,
All the delightful joys that would revive,
While pondering o'er you, strange and
altered grown
With service fit for wooden shoes alone—
All I resign; for Reason bids me own—
Reason, that seldom lets a man see
double,—
In truth, good friends, ye are not worth
the trouble.

PARODY.—AN APOLOGY.

By a Sportsman, for keeping Dinner waiting.

TOO late I stayed—forgive the crime—
Perhaps I've caused you trouble:
But noiseless falls the foot of Time
When tramping thro' the stubble.

The ebbing sand unheeded sped;—
Hour-glasses! I forswore 'em,
When agate flints their sparklets shed,
And birds fell down before 'em.

Oh! who to punctual measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When whirring Partridges have lent
Their plumage for his wings?

W.

SONG,

Inscribed to my worthy Friend and Brother Sportsman, the Editor of "Songs of the Chase."

TO the field, to the field, brother sports-
man repair,
And banish dull slumber away;
The hounds are all out and have started
the hare,
While echo resounds to the lay.
Sweetly sounds the blithe horn thro' each
coppice and grove,
As cheerly the hunters pursue,
Then let us proceed to the sports that we
love,
Health and pleasure is what we've in
view.

Should sly reynard appear, as we pass
o'er the plain,
Strait his course we will follow apace,
His turning and winding will prove all
in vain,
For boldly we'll follow the chase.
Over mountain and rocks, with speed he
may fly,
Our hounds shall as eager pursue:
Then huzza my brave boys, let the sound
reach the sky,
Health and pleasure is all we've in
view.

Let the Hart fly before us, the chase we'll
maintain,
In spite of his strength or his speed,
We'll bound o'er the hedges, or skim
o'er the plain,
And till we o'ertake him proceed.
There is nothing to baulk us, no fear
shall invade,
While thus we've the object in view;
From the prospect around us, around us
display'd,
Health and pleasure 'tis plain we
pursue.

Thus

Thus in chasing the Fox, or the Hart, or the Hare,
Or whatever starts in our way,
Of sport each is certain to have a full share,
Then loudly lets cry out huzza.
Huzza then at night, to the bowl strait we fly,
Each Fribble and Fopling we scorn;
Sweet sleep shall befriend us, on bed when we lie,
And we wake to fresh sport in the morn.

Laleham, Nov. 5. H. H.

STANZA.

Being an attempt at the Sublime.

BY J. M. LACEY.

THE night is awful! still as death!
Ill-omen'd birds are shrieking round!
In dread I draw my failing breath,
And shudder at the boding sound!

My soul is sad, I know not why;
My torpid blood scarce seems to flow,
I feel as one who soon shall die;
Alike to me or bliss or woe!

My head droops feebly on my breast,
My languid eye scarce opes to weep;
Soon shall this throbbing heart find rest!
For, lo! I'm falling fast asleep!!!

OCTOBER SPORTS.

FOR now the pack impatient rushing on,
Range through the darkest coverts one by one;
Trace every spot, while down each noble glade
That guides the eye beneath a changeful shade,
The loit'ring sportsman feels th' instinctive flame,
And checks his steed to mark the springing game.
'Midst intersecting cuts and winding ways,
The huntsman cheers his dogs and anxious strays
Where every narrow riding even shorn,
Gives back the echo of his mellow horn;
'Till fresh and lightsome every pow'r untried,
The starting fugitive leaps by his side;
His lifted finger to his ear he plies,
And the view halloo, bids a chorus rise,
Of dogs quick mouthed, and shouts that mingle loud
As bursting thunder rolls from cloud to cloud.
With ears erect, and chest of vig'rous mould,
O'er ditch, o'er fence, unconquerably bold,
The shining courser lengthens every bound;
And his strong fetlocks suck the moistened ground,
As from the confines of the wood they pour,
And joyous villages partake the roar.

NARCISSA ON THE LOSS OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my Fawn and it will die.
It is a wond'rous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race,
And when it led me far away
'Twould stay, and run again and stay,
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the spring time of the year
It only loved to be there:
Among the beds of lilies, I
Have sought it oft where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it although before mine eyes,
For in the flaxen lilies shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed
Until his lips e'en seem'd to bleed,
And then to me 'twould boldly trip
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill:
The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my Fawn and it will die.